

No 44-
JUNE

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢

What
WAS THIS STRANGE,
UNEARTHLY BEAST...
AND HOW DID IT COME
TO BE? YOU'LL MARVEL
AT AN AMAZING SECRET
OF THE SUPERNATURAL
IN... **"RED
MOONLIGHT!"**



NO...NO! YOU'RE
NOT A PANTHER,
YOU'RE A...



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IF TERRIFYING EVIL CAN EXIST IN TODAY'S CIVILIZATION, THEN WHO KNOWS WHAT BLACK HORROR LIVES IN THE ANCIENT, BROODING JUNGLE? THE JUNGLE-- PERFECT SETTING FOR THE WEIRD, UNEARTHLY CREATURE WHOSE STRANGE POWER STIRRED IN THE...

RED MOONLIGHT!



JAKE CONNERS, ESCAPED CONVICT, STUMBLED ASHORE DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, WRACKED WITH FEVER--

CAN'T--GO ANY FURTHER!
GOTTA--LIE DOWN!

SUDDENLY-- A DREAD SOUND--

GOTTA REST!
SICK-- WHA--?

GRR-R!



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AS JAKE'S STRENGTH GREW, HE SPENT HIS TIME WATCHING THIS STRANGE JUNGLE GIRL --

SHE'S A QUEER ONE, ALL RIGHT-- GIVES ME THE SHIVERS! DID SHE REALLY CHASE THAT LEOPARD, OR-- **SAY!** WHAT'S SHE UP TO **NOW?**



LOOK AT HER-- MOVIN' JUST LIKE A WILD ANIMAL-- **HOLY SMOKE!** SHE'S STALKIN' THAT PIG!



SHE-- SHE STRUCK LIKE SOME **BIG CAT ON THE PROWL!**

FELINA CATCH FOOD FOR HER MAN!



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, IT HAPPENED--

SHE'S GONE AGAIN! SNEAKS OUT NIGHTS AN' COMES BACK WITH A FRESH KILL! SAY-- SHE'S STOPPED! WHAT THE DEVIL'S SHE UP TO **NOW?**



NOW FELINA WAS KNEELING IN THE JUNGLE NIGHT, WITH THE GREAT RUBY HELD ALOFT--

I DON'T GET IT! THE MOONLIGHT'S FILTERIN' THROUGH THE STONE-- AN' BATHIN' HER IN A **CREEPY RED GLOW!**



I GOTTA GET A GOOD LOOK AT **THIS!**



BUT BY THE TIME HE'D REACHED THE SPOT--

SHE'S **GONE!** BUT WHERE-- OH, **NO!**



A HUGE, DEADLY BLACK PANTHER!
BUT INSTEAD OF ATTACKING--

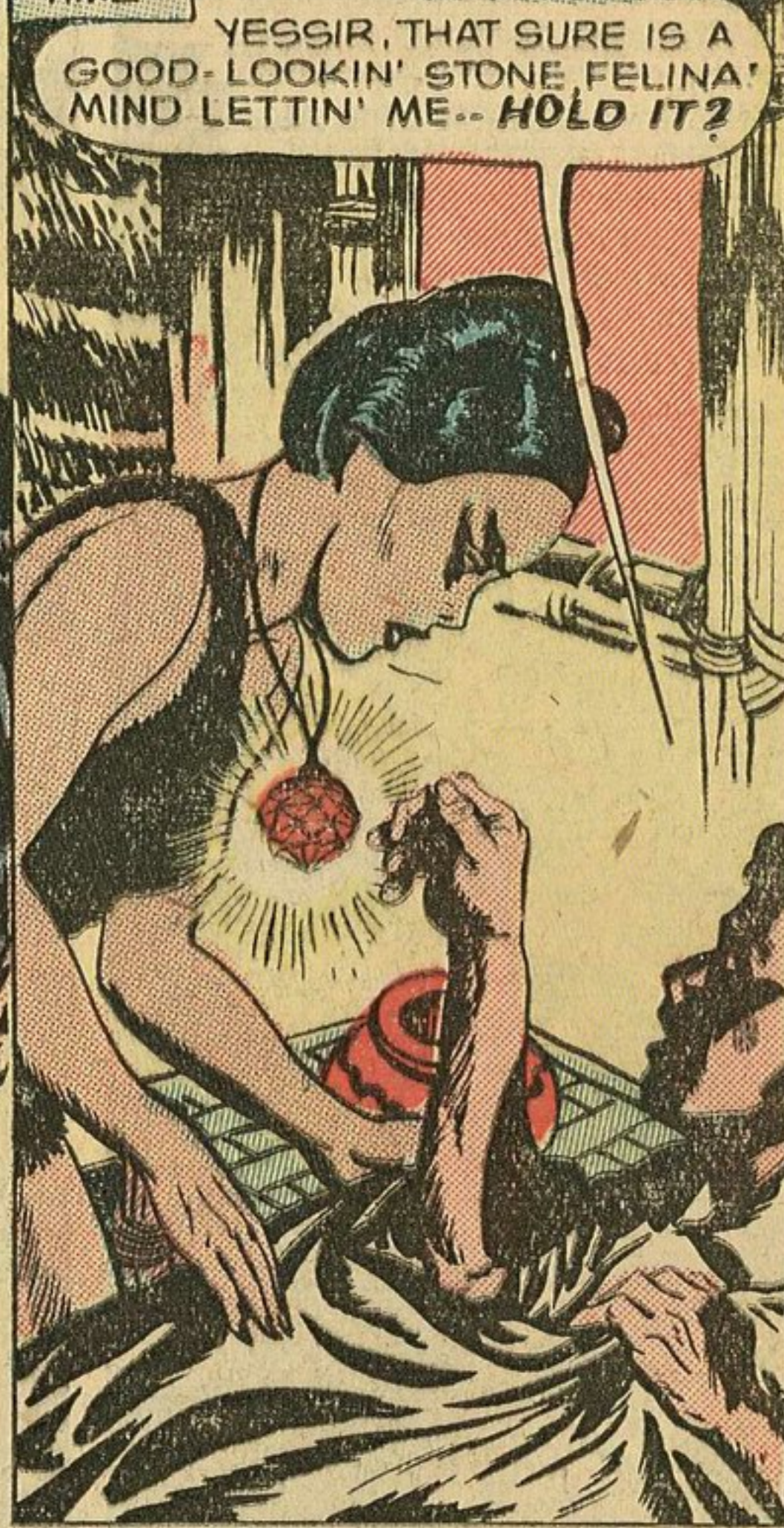


I-- I'M COVERED WITH HORSESHOES-- IT COULDA TORN ME TO **SHREDS**! IT MUSTA BEEN HANGIN' AROUND PRETTY CLOSE TO **HER**, TOO!

SHE HAS SOME CRAZY CONTROL OVER ANIMALS... **THAT** MUST BE IT! I'D BETTER PULL OUTA HERE-- BUT NOT UNTIL I CAN GRAB THAT **RUBY**!



AND SO JAKE WAITED-- BIDDING HIS TIME--



YESSIR, THAT SURE IS A GOOD-LOOKIN' STONE, FELINA! MIND LETTIN' ME-- **HOLD IT?**

NO TOUCH!
RED STONE
OF MOON
TABOO!



OWW-W!

YOU REMEMBER--
STONE ONLY FOR
FELINA!



OKAY, BABY! I WON'T ASK YA AGAIN--

-- I'LL JUST **TAKE** IT, THAT'S ALL



SOME ODD, NAMELESS FEAR OF THE GIRL MADE JAKE SWIFTLY TIE FELINA'S HANDS AND CARRY HER TO THE RIVER--

NO, WHITE MAN-- YOU NOT TAKE STONE OF MOON! FELINA KILL-- KILL!

AWAKE AGAIN, HUH? NOW YOU'LL KNOW WHAT I GOT PLANNED FOR YA! I'M GONNA DUMP YA IN THE RIVER FOR THE CROCS, BABY! I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES ON YOU FOLLOWIN' ME!

YOU THINK YOU ESCAPE-- BUT I...

HA-HA! HERE, TAKE A LAST LOOK AT YOUR PRECIOUS RUBY! IT WON'T BE NO USE TO YA WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'!

THERE LAY FELINA, A PRISONER-- AND THE LIGHT FILTERING THROUGH THE RUBY BATHED HER IN RED MOONLIGHT!

JUST WAIT'LL I GET THIS DUGOUT READY, AN' YOU'LL BE TAKIN' YOUR LAST BOAT RIDE, BABY!

RRRRRRRR!

THERE WE ARE! OKAY, PRINCESS, ARE YA READY-- ULP!

GARRR-RRR!

NO! NO! DON'T, FELINA! DON'T CHANGE INTO---

ARRGHH!

THE END



OUT OF ^{the} NIGHT

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OUT OF ^{the} NIGHT

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Issued by the publishers of those two great companion magazines of the supernatural...

"ADVENTURES ^{into the} UNKNOWN" and "FORBIDDEN WORLDS."

The CREEPER

THANK HEAVENS!
SHE'S HERE... I
WON'T BE ALONE!

THIS WAS THE SPOT TO WHICH...
BY SOME BLIND CHANCE... THE
CREEPER CAME! A LONELY OLD
HOUSE, WITH A LONELY OLD FIGURE
AT THE WINDOW... WATCHING A CAR
CURVE UP THE WEED-GROWN
DRIVEWAY...

SHE'S BROUGHT SOMEONE WITH
HER! I MUST PERSUADE HIM TO
STAY! OTHERWISE WHO'D BE-
LIEVE ME... WHEN I TELL
WHAT THE CREEPER
DOES?

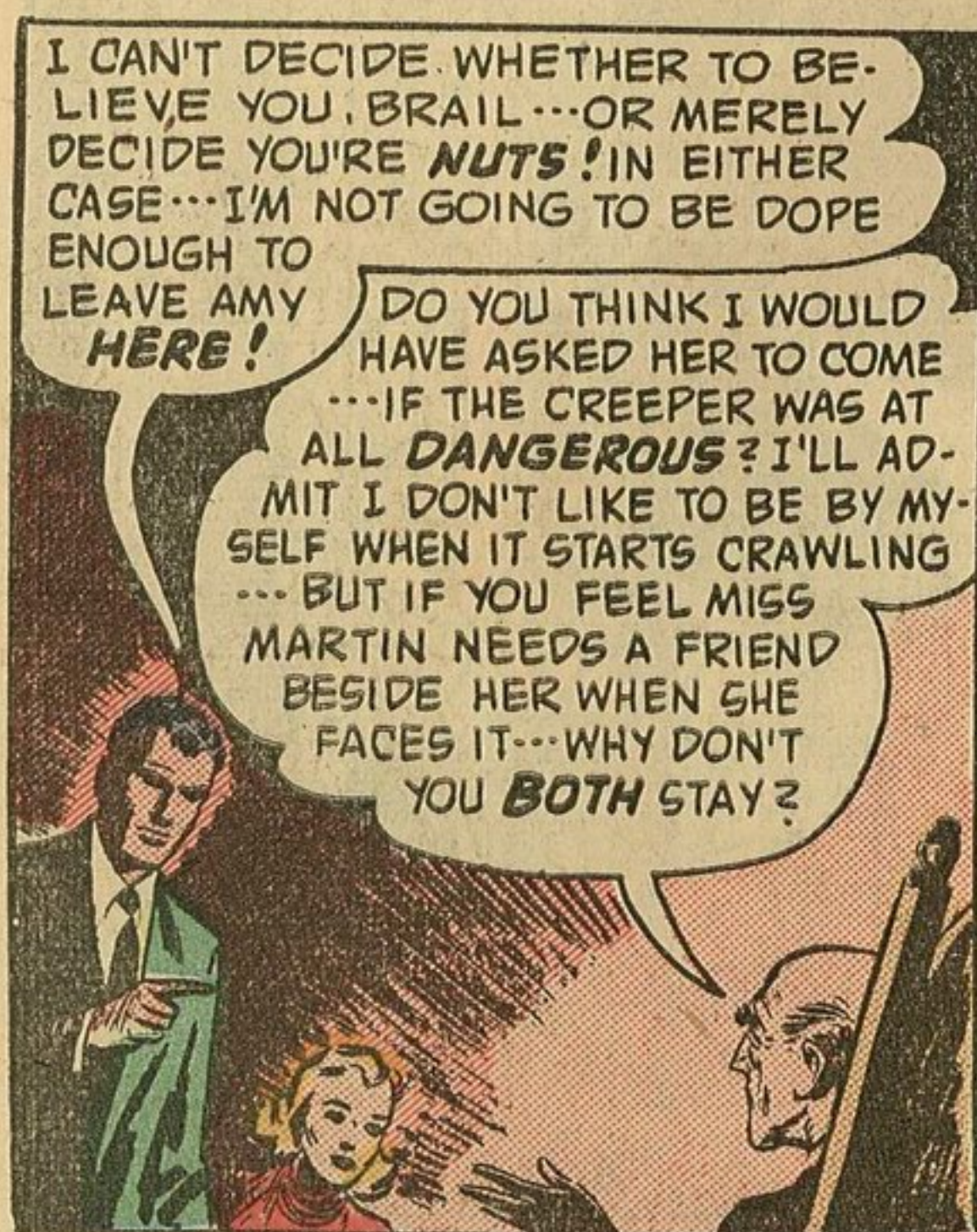


MR. BRAIL... MEET GORDON STEWART! WHEN WE DISCOVERED HOW FAR THE HOUSE IS FROM THE RAILROAD AND BUS LINES, GORDON OFFERED TO DRIVE ME HERE!

VERY GOOD OF YOU TO ANSWER MY ADVERTISEMENT FOR A SECRETARY, MISS MARTIN! I'VE BEEN UNDER A SEVERE NERVOUS STRAIN... **AND I'M GOING TO BE VERY BLUNT ABOUT THE REASON!**



IF YOU EXPECT ME TO SAY THIS HOUSE IS **HAUNTED**, YOU'RE WRONG... I'VE NEVER SEEN A GHOST! A PHANTOM, OF COURSE, CAN HARDLY BE SAID TO EXIST... AND THE THING THAT IS HERE **DOES!** YOU'RE GOING TO SEE IT... AND **THEN** YOU'LL KNOW WHY I'VE GIVEN IT A NAME... **THE CREEPER!**



I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO BELIEVE YOU, BRAIL... OR MERELY DECIDE YOU'RE **NUTS!** IN EITHER CASE... I'M NOT GOING TO BE DOPE ENOUGH TO LEAVE AMY **HERE!**

DO YOU THINK I WOULD HAVE ASKED HER TO COME... IF THE CREEPER WAS AT ALL **DANGEROUS?** I'LL ADMIT I DON'T LIKE TO BE BY MYSELF WHEN IT STARTS CRAWLING... BUT IF YOU FEEL MISS MARTIN NEEDS A FRIEND BESIDE HER WHEN SHE FACES IT... WHY DON'T YOU **BOTH** STAY?



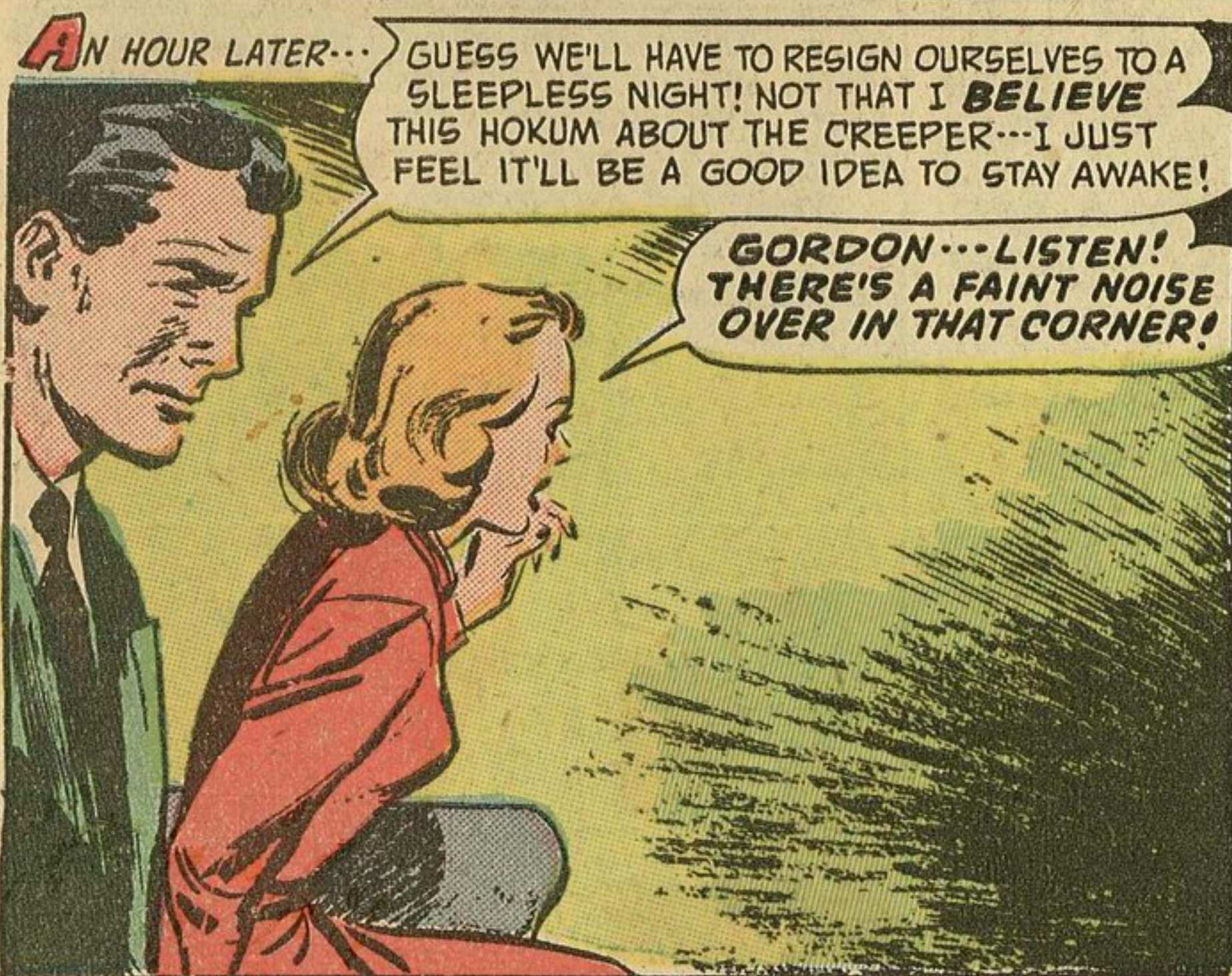
I'LL LEAVE IT TO **YOU, AMY!** WHAT ABOUT IT?

GORDON... THE OLD MAN NEEDS HELP! MAYBE IF WE STAYED JUST THIS ONE NIGHT, HE'D FORGET THE WHOLE FANTASTIC BUSINESS!



JUST ONE MORE THING, BRAIL! IS THERE ANY SPECIAL PLACE IN WHICH THIS CREEPER APPEARS... CAN AMY TAKE A ROOM IT **DOESN'T** ENTER?

THE CREEPER IS HERE! AN OCCUPANT... **OF THE ENTIRE HOUSE!**



AN HOUR LATER...

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO RESIGN OURSELVES TO A SLEEPLESS NIGHT! NOT THAT I **BELIEVE** THIS HOKUM ABOUT THE CREEPER... I JUST FEEL IT'LL BE A GOOD IDEA TO STAY AWAKE!

GORDON... LISTEN! THERE'S A FAINT NOISE OVER IN THAT CORNER!



JUST A MOUSE, HONEY!

BUT WHY DOESN'T IT **MOVE?** IT KEEPS WATCHING THE DOOR... **AS IF IT'S AWARE OF SOMETHING!**



IT CREPT UNSEEN AT FIRST... A THIN BLACK FILM FLOWING THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOOR... GROPING... SEARCHING...

GORDON... LET'S NOT STAY IN THIS ROOM! I KNOW IT SOUNDS FOOLISH... BUT I'VE GOT THE AWFUL SENSATION THAT SOMETHING'S TRYING TO GET IN!

NONSENSE, AMY... WHAT ON EARTH COULD GET THROUGH A LOCKED DOOR?

IT MADE NO SOUND... BUT ITS SLOW, BULGING MOVEMENT WAS LIKE AN ANSWER... FROM A THING ALIVE!

GOOD HEAVENS... THE CREEPER!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD! REMEMBER... BRAIL SAID IT'S HARMLESS!

BUT IT WANTS SOMETHING! I CAN FEEL IT WANTING... IN A HORRIBLE WAVE!

GOOD GOSH... WHY DOESN'T THAT MOUSE MOVE? IT'S WAITING... FASCINATED... LIKE PREY CONFRONTED BY A BLACK, UN-ENDING MOUTH!

IN THE NEXT SECOND...

LOOK! THE MOUSE IS GONE... JUST AS IF IT'S BEEN BLOTTED OUT OF EXISTENCE!

ABSORBED WOULD BE CLOSER TO IT! IT'S BEEN EATEN... BY A CREATURE EXUDING A SINGLE HIDEOUS URGE... HUNGER!

BUT WHAT KIND OF MONSTROUS HUNGER IS IT... ENGULFING SOMETHING ALIVE? GOOD HEAVENS... IT MIGHT WANT... ANYTHING!

A THING LIKE THAT... NOT DANGEROUS? GORDON, WE'VE GOT TO WARN MR. BRAIL... HE HASN'T THE FAINTEST NOTION OF WHAT HE'S UP AGAINST!

AND YET... BRAIL HASN'T BEEN HARMED! MAYBE THAT'S WHAT HE MEANT... THAT THE CREEPER ISN'T INTERESTED IN PEOPLE!

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! THE CREEPER'S SPREADING OUT... MERGING INTO DARKNESS! IT'S RELAXING, AMY... IT'S SATISFIED... LIKE A BEAST THAT'S BEEN FED!

Then... OUTSIDE THE MASTER BEDROOM...

GO AHEAD, GORDON
---KNOCK! HE WON'T
MIND BEING
AWAKENED!

WAIT... TAKE A LOOK AT THE
DOOR! KEYHOLE PLUGGED
---AIRTIGHT METAL STRIPS
AROUND THE CASING...
WHAT DO YOU MAKE
OF THAT?



THEN... BRAIL KNOWS ABOUT THE CREEPER!
HE'S AFRAID... HE'S KEEPING IT OUT OF
HIS ROOM!



YES... HIS ROOM! BUT AS FAR AS THE
REST OF THE HOUSE IS CONCERNED,
IT'S LIKE ONE BIG GAME PRESERVE FOR
THE CREEPER! BRAIL STOCKED IT
DELIBERATELY, AMY... WE'RE
THE GAME!

SUDDENLY... LIKE A MUFFLED
CHANT...

LISTEN!

I AM AN OLD
MAN! SOMETIMES
MY THOUGHTS
WANDER... AND
MY MEMORY GROWS
CLOUDED!



IT'S BRAIL!
BUT GORDON
---WHO'S HE
TALKING TO?

WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT! DON'T
MAKE A SOUND
---I'M GOING TO
TAKE THAT
WADDING OUT
OF THE KEY-
HOLE---

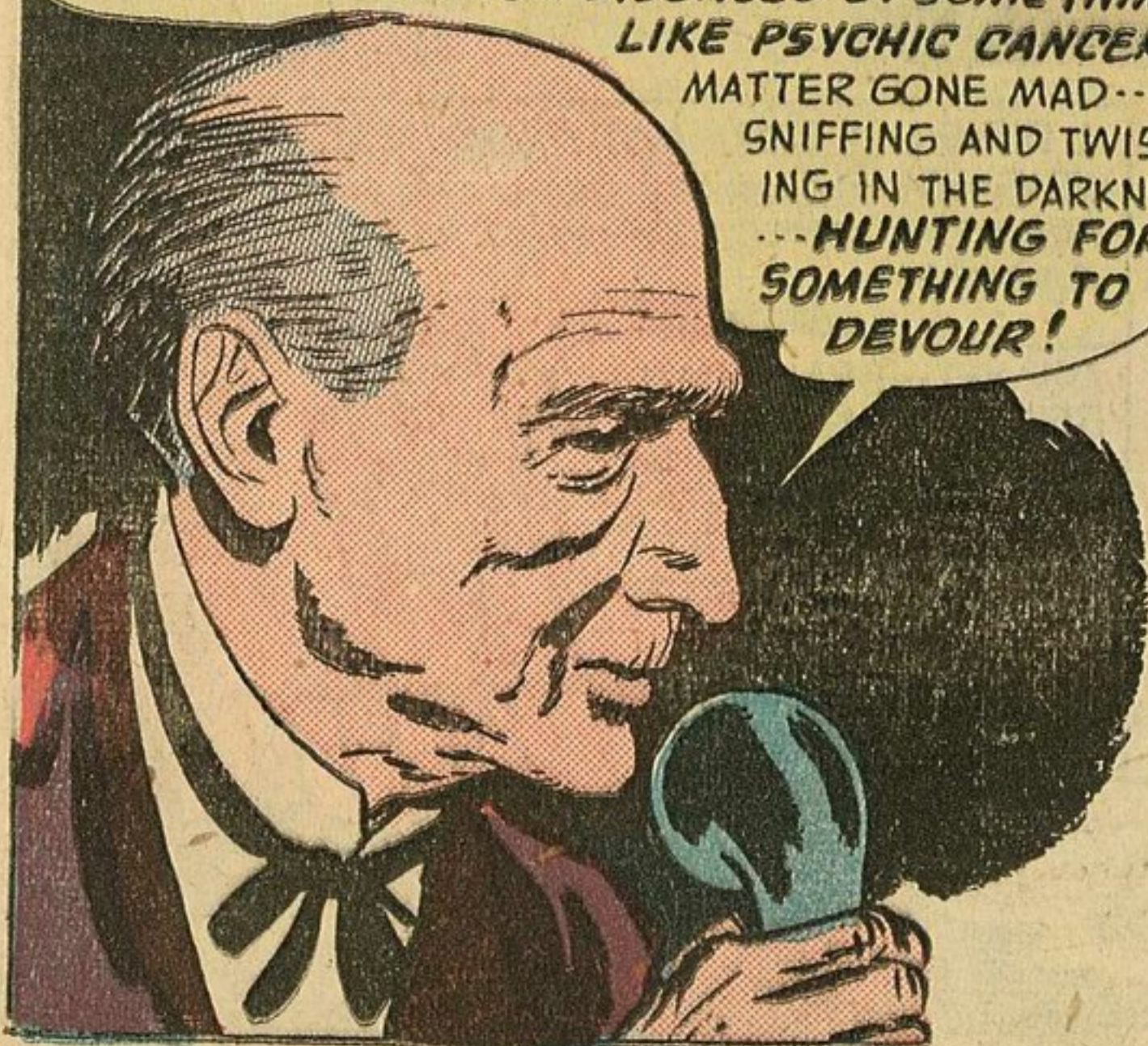


BUT WHILE MY MIND IS STILL
CLEAR, THERE ARE CERTAIN IM-
PRESSIONS THAT SHOULD BE
RECORDED ACCURATELY...
ABOUT THE CREEPER!

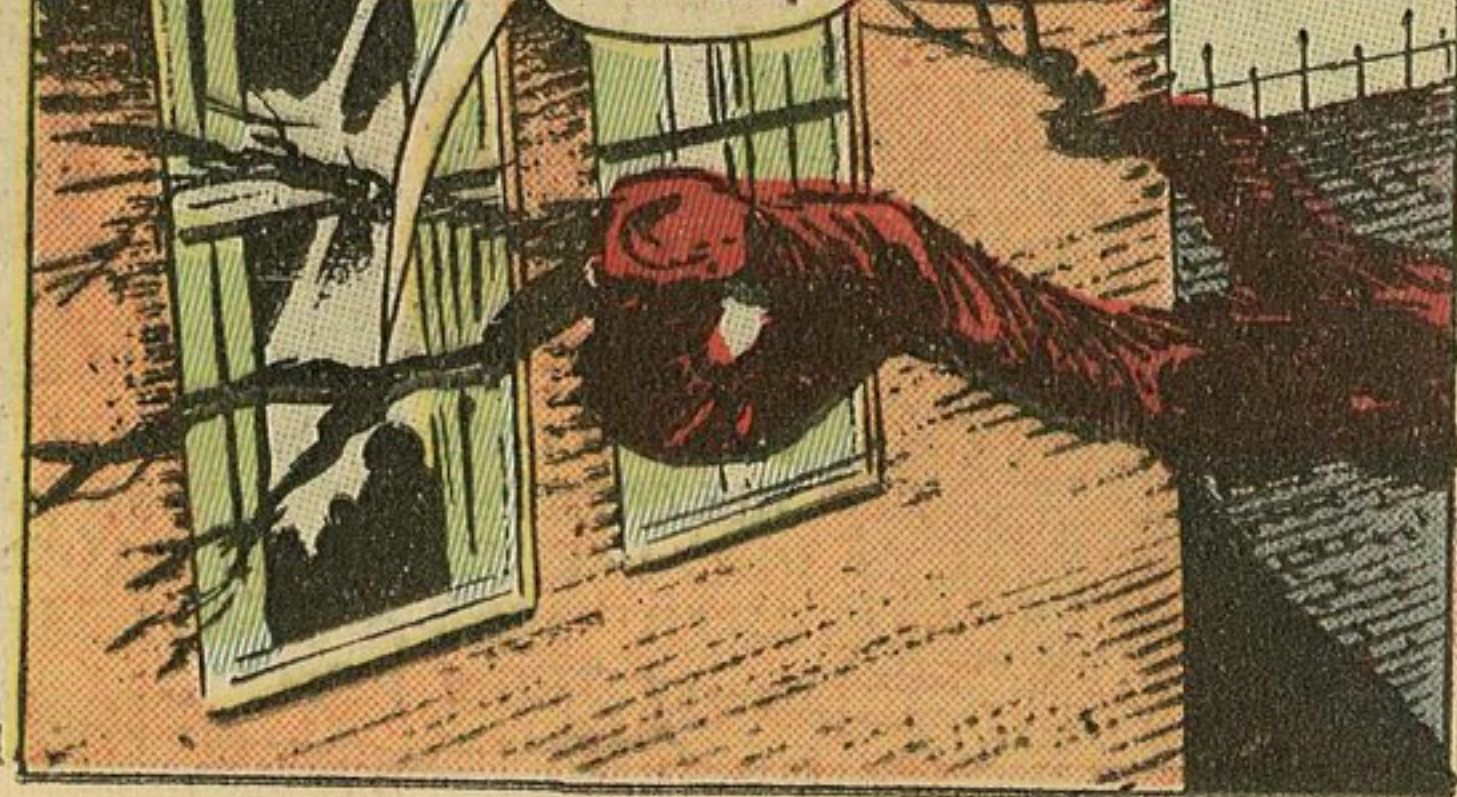


I'VE WATCHED IT... THE CREEPER ISN'T A THING
---IT'S PURE MATTER DISEASED BY SOMETHING
LIKE PSYCHIC CANCER!

MATTER GONE MAD...
SNIFFING AND TWIST-
ING IN THE DARKNESS
---HUNTING FOR
SOMETHING TO
DEVOUR!



AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT EASILY SATISFIED WITH
RANDOM MORSELS... LIKE FLIES ERASED FROM
A WINDOW PANE! POOR OLD FLOSSIE, MY PET
SPANIEL, HAD TO PAY FOR THAT MISTAKE...
THE NIGHT I WAS FORCED TO SACRIFICE
HER TO THE CREEPER... TO GIVE ME TIME
TO REACH A PLACE OF SAFETY! I KNEW
THEN THAT ONLY ONE THING WOULD
SOOTHE THE CREEPER... PERMAN-
ENTLY!



YES, THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT WILL CORRECT THIS HIDEOUS DIS-BALANCE OF NATURE... QUELLING THIS RAVENING APPETITE FOR ALL TIME... THIS BLIND, SICK HUNGER THAT HAS SENT THE CREEPER INCHING OUT OF THE NOWHERE OF HORROR! BEFORE IT AGAIN REVERTS TO HARMLESS MATTER... **THE CREEPER WANTS A HUMAN!**



GORDON...
WHAT'S
WRONG?

EVER SEE EMPTY DARKNESS...
MOVING? I'M TRYING TO MAKE
OUT WHAT... **HOLY SMOKE**
... **IT'S COMING!**



COMING LIKE A SLUGGISH MASS OF HORROR... AND FROM BEHIND THE DOOR... WITH THE TWISTED LOGIC OF SOMEONE QUIETLY INSANE...



NOT FLIES... NOT DOGS... **BUT A HUMAN!** AFTER IT HAS ACHIEVED ITS GOAL, MY STUDIES CONVINCE ME IT WILL DISSOLVE FOREVER! MEANWHILE, I HAVE PROTECTED MYSELF AGAINST IT...

GORDON...
WHAT
ABOUT THE
CAR?

CAN'T REACH
IT! THE CELLAR'S
BOUND TO HAVE
SOLID WALLS... AND
I HOPE A STRONG
DOOR!

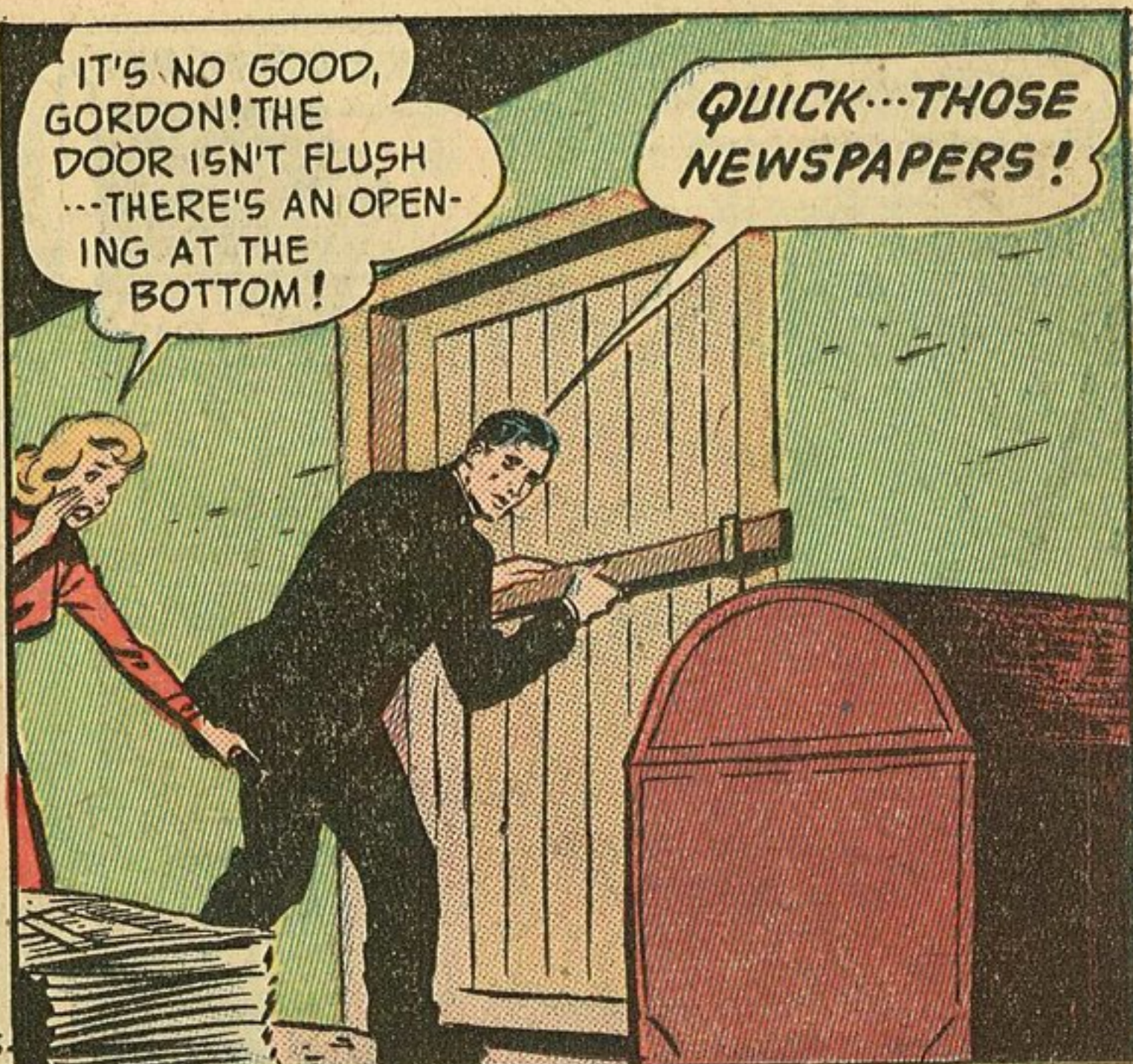


SLAM!



IT'S NO GOOD,
GORDON! THE
DOOR ISN'T FLUSH
...THERE'S AN OPEN-
ING AT THE
BOTTOM!

**QUICK...THOSE
NEWSPAPERS!**



WITH DESPERATE HASTE... AWARE OF THE NOISELESS APPROACH HEAVING AND SWAYING TOWARD THE BOTTOM STEP...

FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A FAINT RUSTLE... PROBING AND BURROWING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR!

IT TRIED TO GET IN, GORDON... BUT NOW I CAN FEEL IT MOVING AWAY! I CAN ALMOST SEE IT... QUIVERING BLINDLY ALONG THE WALL...

I'VE FOLDED THE PAPERS TIGHTLY! THEY'RE DAMP... MAYBE THEY'LL SWELL... SOON ENOUGH TO FORM A SEAL THAT DEMON CAN'T PENE-TRATE!

LISTEN TO IT! BRAIL KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING... WHEN HE CALLED IT THE CREEPER!

I CAN'T FIGURE WHICH IS WORSE... THE CREEPER... OR BRAIL! THE CREEPER A SICKENING MASS OF BLACKNESS SLAVERING AFTER A HUMAN... AND BRAIL PLOTTING LIKE A FIEND TO SACRIFICE YOU... AS CALLOUSLY AS HE DID THAT SPANIEL!

I KNOW NOW THAT WAS BRAIL'S INTENTION, GORDON! AND YET... HOW DOES IT JIBE WITH THE FACT THAT HE INVITED YOU TO STAY?

FIGURE IT OUT! REMEMBER BRAIL'S SAYING THAT ONCE THE CREEPER ENGULFS A HUMAN BEING... IT'LL DIS-SOLVE FOREVER? O.K., SUPPOSE YOU WERE DE-Voured... BRAIL WOULD HAVE A TOUGH TIME EXPLAINING TO THE POLICE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU... UNLESS HE HAD A WITNESS TO THE INCREDIBLE FACT THAT THE CREEPER ACTUALLY EXISTED!

SUDDENLY...

CRİK!

WHAT'S THAT?

SEEMS TO BE A THIN CRACK IN THE WALL! SEE THAT PLASTER FALLING?

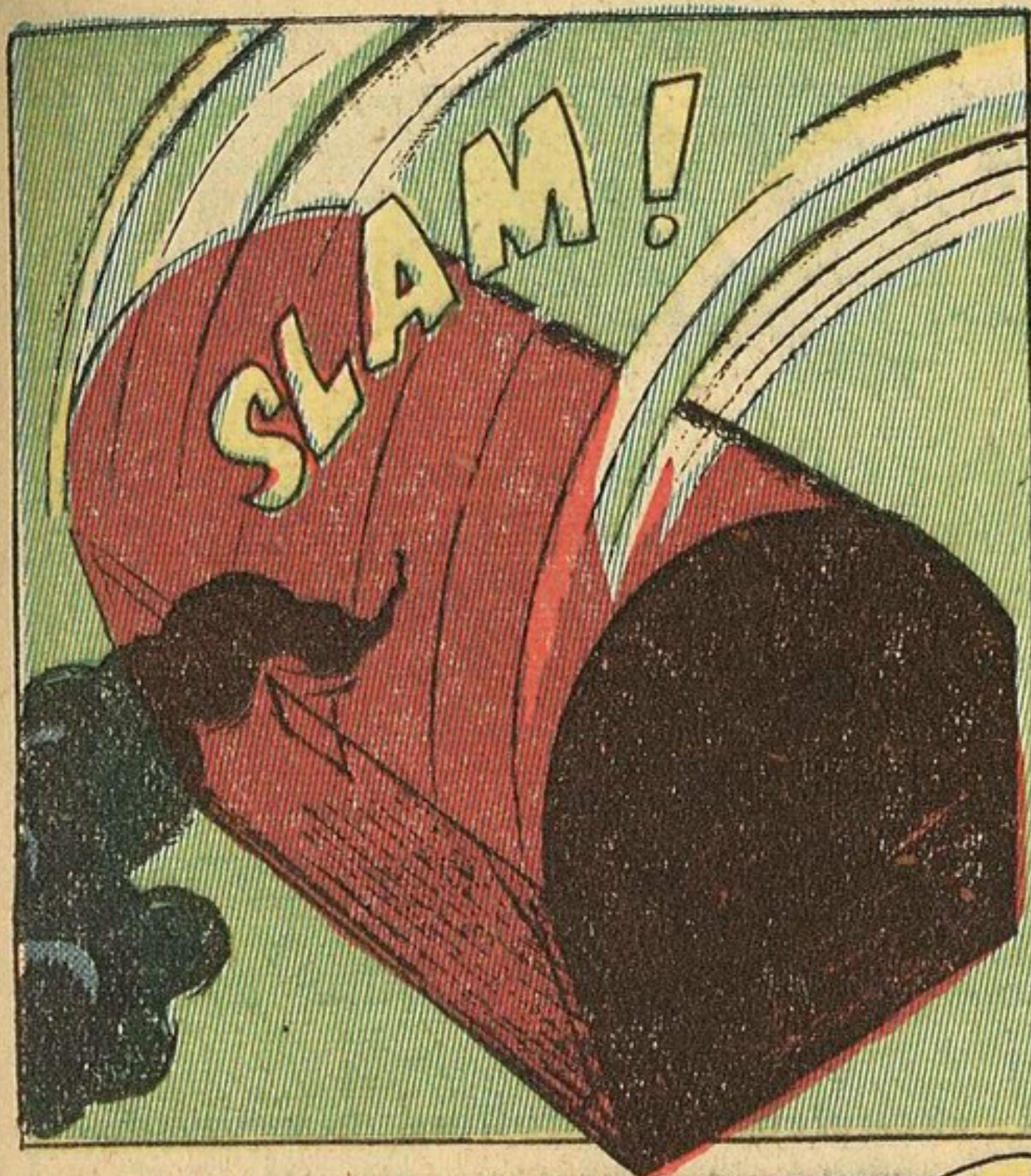
SOFTLY... LIKE SOMETHING BETWEEN A THRUST AND A TOOTHLESS GNAWING...

CRİK...
UH-CRİK...
UH-CRİK
UH-CRİK

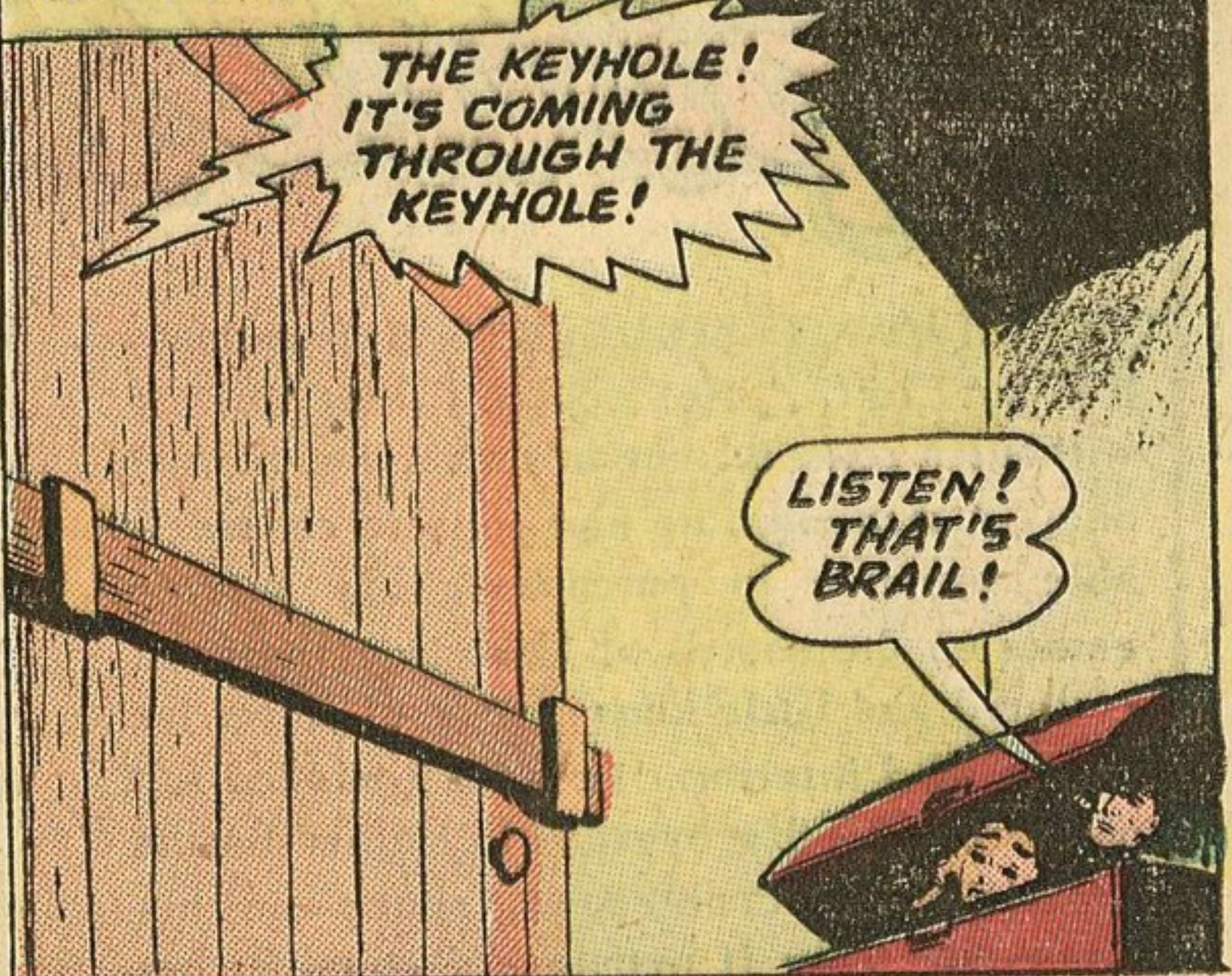
THE CREEPER!
IT'S FOUND A WAY IN!

WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THAT THING! IT'S CAUGHT THE SCENT OF WHAT IT WANTS... NOTHING CAN STOP IT!

HURRY!
DON'T STAND THERE... THIS TRUNK'S OUR ONLY REFUGE!



TIME THROBS PAST IN A RACKING NIGHTMARE...AND THEN...FROM FAR OFF...



THE KEYHOLE!
IT'S COMING
THROUGH THE
KEYHOLE!

LISTEN!
THAT'S
BRAIL!



NO...DON'T!
YOU CAN'T WANT
ME...NOT AFTER
I BROUGHT YOU
THOSE OTHERS...

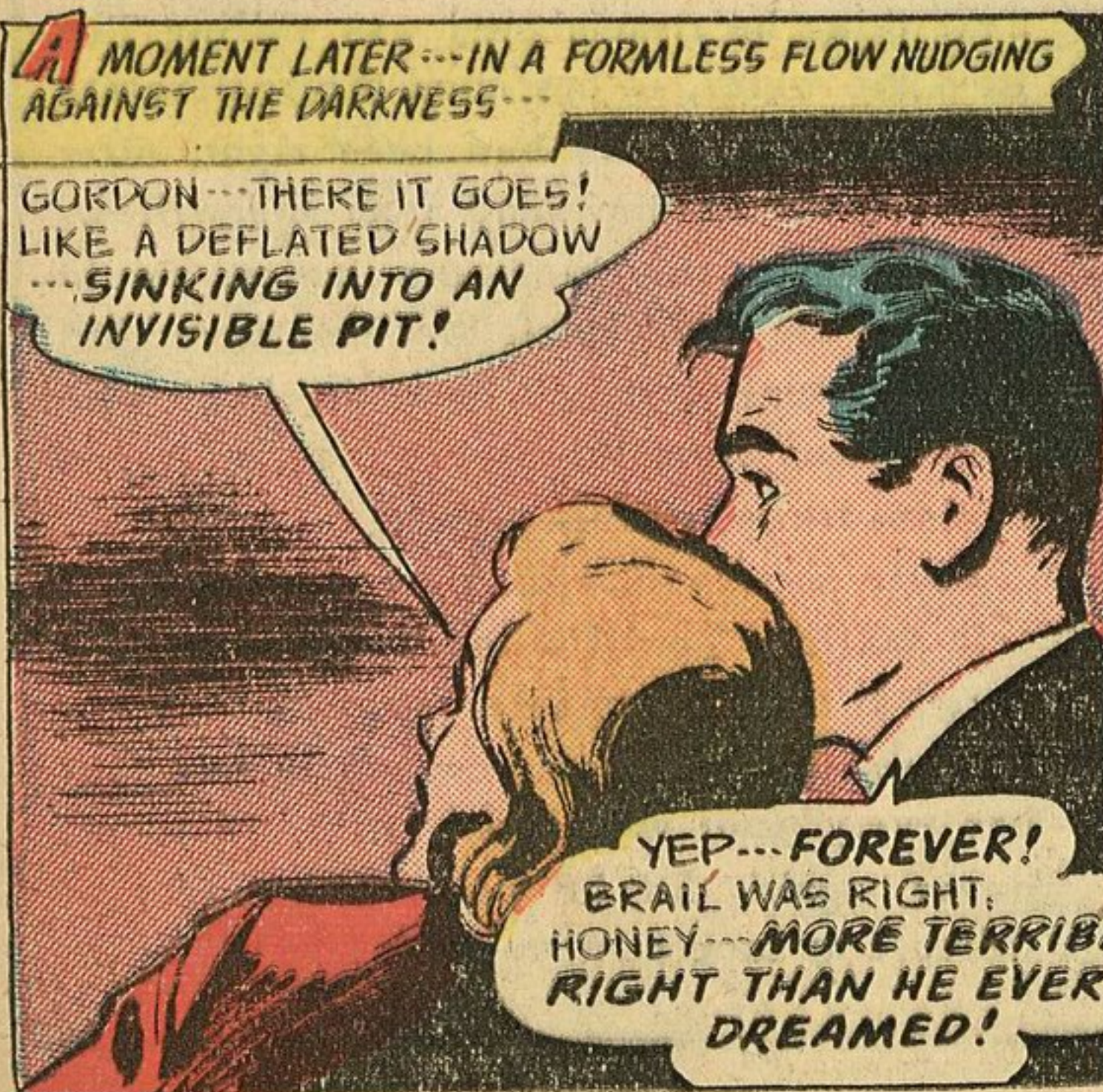
GREAT
GUNS! I
COULDN'T
HAVE PLANNED
ANYTHING THIS
HORRIBLE...
BUT...IT'S
HAPPEN-
ING!

The DOORWAY
FRAMES A SCENE
OF HORROR...A
CRUMPLED FIGURE
HALF ENGULFED
...AND THE CREEP-
ER GULPING...
THE THING IT
WANTED!



A MOMENT LATER...IN A FORMLESS FLOW NUDGING AGAINST THE DARKNESS...

GORDON...THERE IT GOES!
LIKE A DEFLATED SHADOW
...SINKING INTO AN
INVISIBLE PIT!



YEP...FOREVER!
BRAIL WAS RIGHT,
HONEY...MORE TERRIBLY
RIGHT THAN HE EVER
DREAMED!

THIS WAS THE SPOT...A LONELY HOUSE AND AN EMPTY HOUSE...WHERE BY SOME BLIND CHANCE...THE CREEPER CAME!



THE
END!

Spirits OF THE LAKE

WILLIAM TERRILL WAS a firm man, but fair. He wouldn't hurt anyone without a reason...but in this case, he had one. A rich man, he had gone to considerable expense in purchasing his summer estate on the shores of Lake Moonlight, an isolated and little known body of water far in the wild interior. He hadn't minded too much when he discovered old Mother Martha inhabiting a tumbledown shack on his property. What if people *did* consider her a witch...that was all superstitious nonsense, and besides, she wasn't harming anyone! So he did nothing about her until the day when he chanced to overhear her telling Tim, his twelve-year-old son, about the spirits of the lake.

"Mind ye keep away from the Haunted Cove near the dead willow," she cackled. "That's where he lies in wait...the evil spirit...him with his black, wavin' arms like an octopus! He'll pull ye down, down into his bottomless pit, and there's nothin' that kin save ye... 'ceptin' if a wand from the willow touches the water an' summons the *good* spirit!"

This was all Terrill had to hear. Stalking forward, he seized Tim by the arm, jerking him from her. Angrily, he ordered the old woman to leave...to depart from her shack and never again return to these parts. The very idea, filling a child's head with such superstitious nonsense! As she shuffled off forlornly, Tim shuddered. "After what she told me, I...I'm never going near the Haunted Cove again," he breathed.

"Nonsense," snapped Terrill. "I'm going to prove that there's nothing dangerous there...by having you swim there, right now! You've got your trunks on...let's go!"

Tim was frightened, and his father virtually had to force him into it. There *was* something spooky about the place...small wonder it had been termed "haunted".

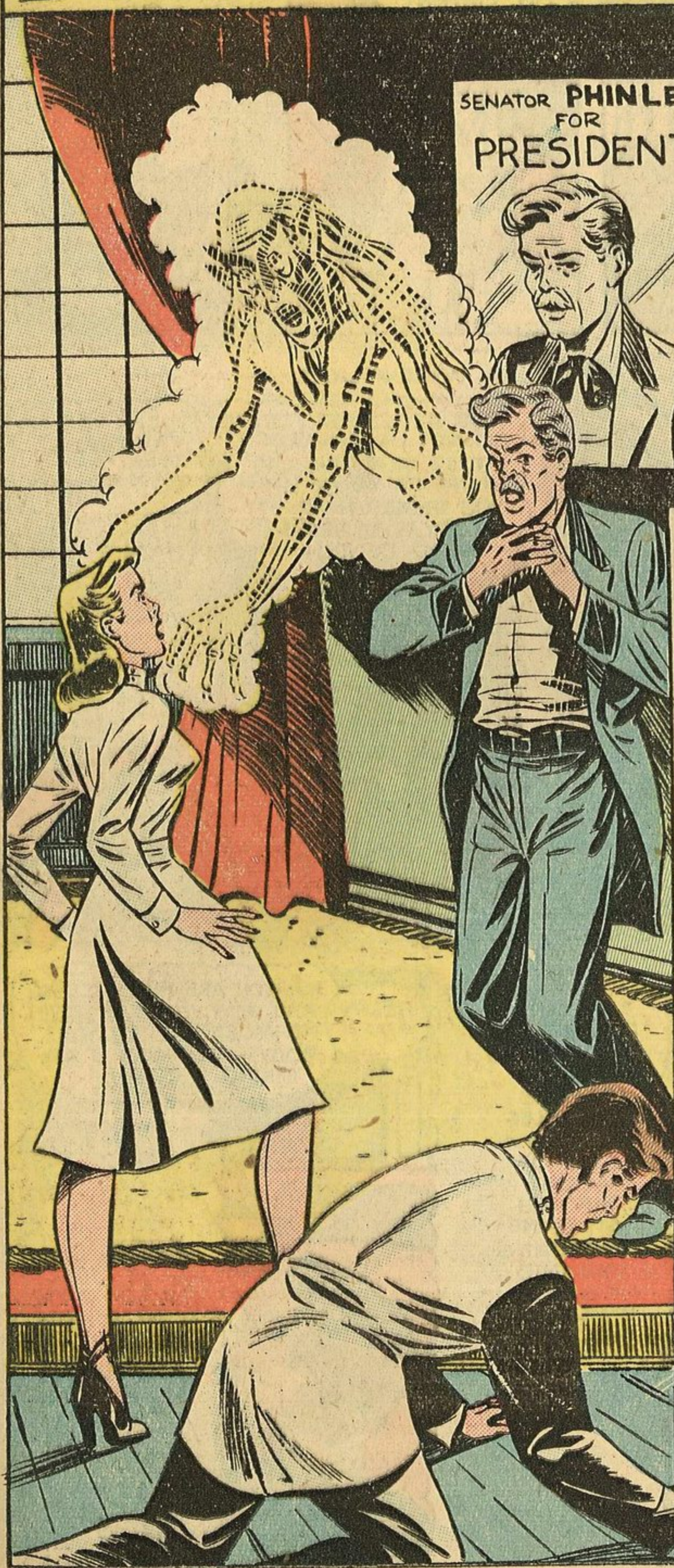
Black, still water overhung by a dead willow whose ancient boughs were like tormented instruments of the devil. The moan of an eerie wind...the sense of brooding death itself! And then the splash of Tim's body breaking the surface. There had been nothing to the old woman's mouthings, after all! But wait...*what was that?* Those dark tentacles, almost like an octopus, that rose, wavering, from the depths and encircled Tim, pulling him down...*down!* With a hoarse cry, Terrill started forward...but the old willow seemed to reach for him. Snakelike, its gnarled boughs imprisoned him, preventing him from leaping to the aid of his son. Fiercely the man struggled, pitting every ounce of his strength against the awful grip of the ancient tree. Then it happened...a crack, and a portion of one of the old boughs dropped into the black waters below. Terrill could never swear to what came next, but later, he vaguely recalled a flash of light and the half-visible form of a lovely woman. For a moment she stood poised...then dove into the depths. There were lightning flashes, peals of thunder, and the surface of the lake seemed to toss to some fearful disturbance below. And the next thing he remembered was pulling Tim from the water, in his mind the realization that the old woman had been right, after all. Even to the wand from the willow, which, upon touching the water, would summon the good spirit that had saved his son. Actually, it had been the branch he had broken from the tree as he struggled against its imprisoning grasp!

While she lived, old Mother Martha never left William Terrill's land. People wondered at the sudden interest he took in her welfare. He built her a new house, saw that her every want was cared for. And never, never again did he point the finger of ridicule at superstition.

The PHANTOM FIEND

SENATOR PHINLEY
FOR
PRESIDENT

FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY, POWER-DRIVEN MADMEN HAVE BEEN SPOKEN OF AS "POSSESSED" BY EVIL SPIRITS! BUT WHAT IF IT WERE LITERALLY TRUE? WHAT IF SATANIC SPIRITS ACTUALLY INHABIT HUMAN BODIES? HERE'S A SPINE-CHILLING TALE, READER, WHICH WILL MAKE YOU SHUDDER -- AND WONDER IF PERHAPS YOU WILL BE THE NEXT VICTIM!



IN THE MUNICIPAL MENTAL HOSPITAL...

BUT I AM
SENATOR
PHINLEY--
I TELL YOU
I AM---

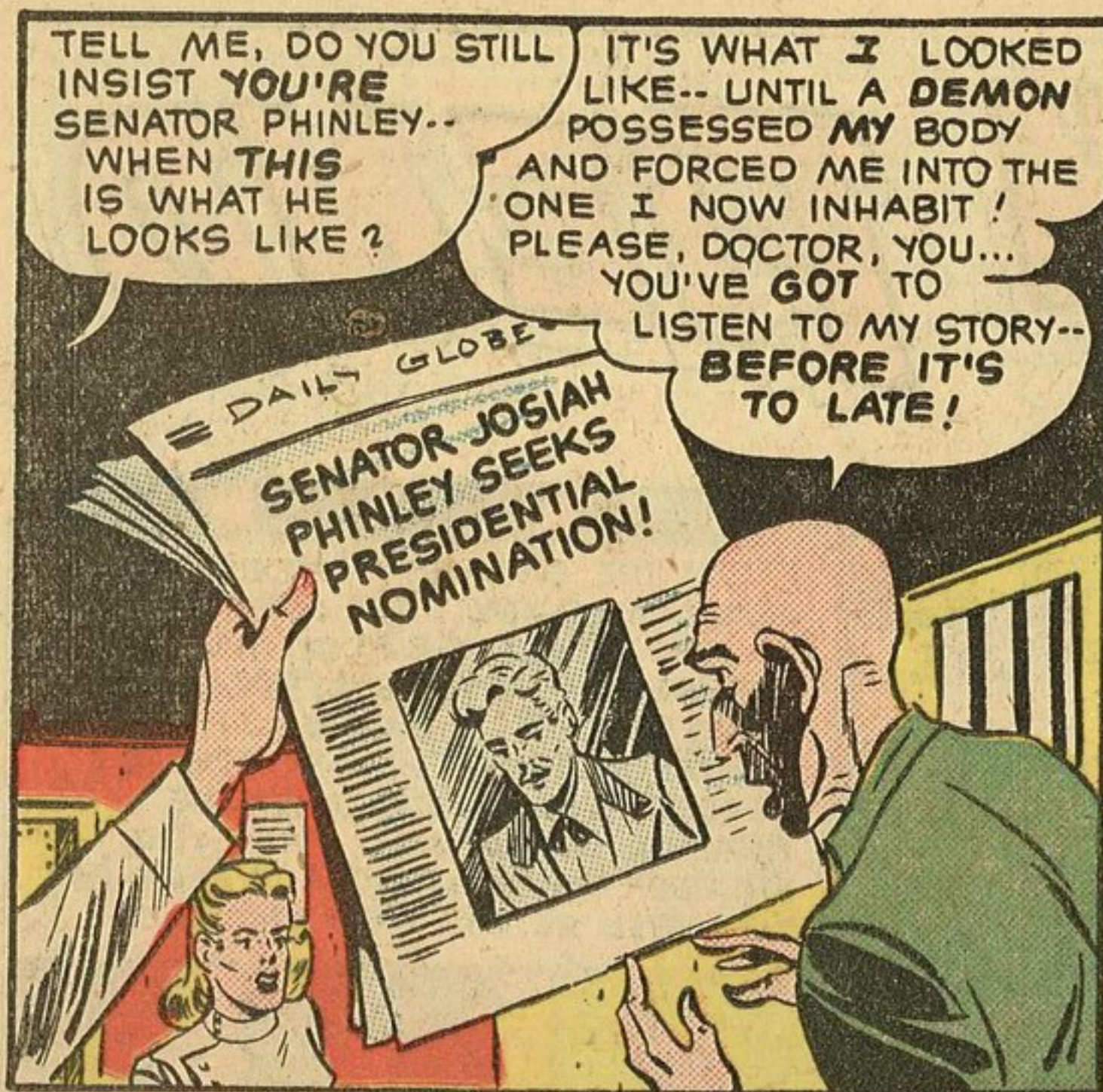
OH-OH, ANOTHER OF THOSE POOR
DEVILS WHO IMAGINE THEY'RE
KINGS OR PRESIDENTS OR
SENATORS! PREPARE A
SEDATIVE, MISS
CUMMINGS!



DR. PATTON, ISN'T IT ODD THAT WE SHOULD
GET A CASE LIKE THIS JUST A DAY AFTER
SENATOR PHINLEY DECLARED HE'S A CAN-
DIDATE FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL
NOMINATION?

THAT GIVES ME AN
IDEA! MAYBE WE CAN
FIND OUT HOW STRONG
THE DELUSION IS BY
CONFRONTING HIM
WITH A PICTURE
OF THE REAL
SENATOR
PHINLEY!





TELL ME, DO YOU STILL INSIST **YOU'RE** SENATOR PHINLEY-- WHEN **THIS** IS WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE?

IT'S WHAT I LOOKED LIKE-- UNTIL A **DEMON** POSSESSED MY BODY AND FORCED ME INTO THE ONE I NOW INHABIT! PLEASE, DOCTOR, YOU... YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO MY STORY-- **BEFORE IT'S TO LATE!**



HMM, ALLOWING HIM TO SPEAK FREELY MAY HELP ME TO GET TO THE ROOT OF HIS PSYCHOSIS!

THANK HEAVENS **SOMEONE** WILL! IT... IT ALL STARTED A FEW HOURS AGO, IN MY NEW CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS...

GO AHEAD-- I'LL LISTEN!

"..MY SECRETARY TOLD ME THERE WAS AN ODD-LOOKING OLD MAN WAITING OUTSIDE WHO SAID HE **HAD** TO SEE ME PRIVATELY-- THAT HE WAS ONE OF MY CONSTITUENTS.. "

SEND THE GENTLEMAN IN-- CAN'T LET THE FOLKS AT HOME THINK I'M UNAPPROACHABLE, YOU KNOW!

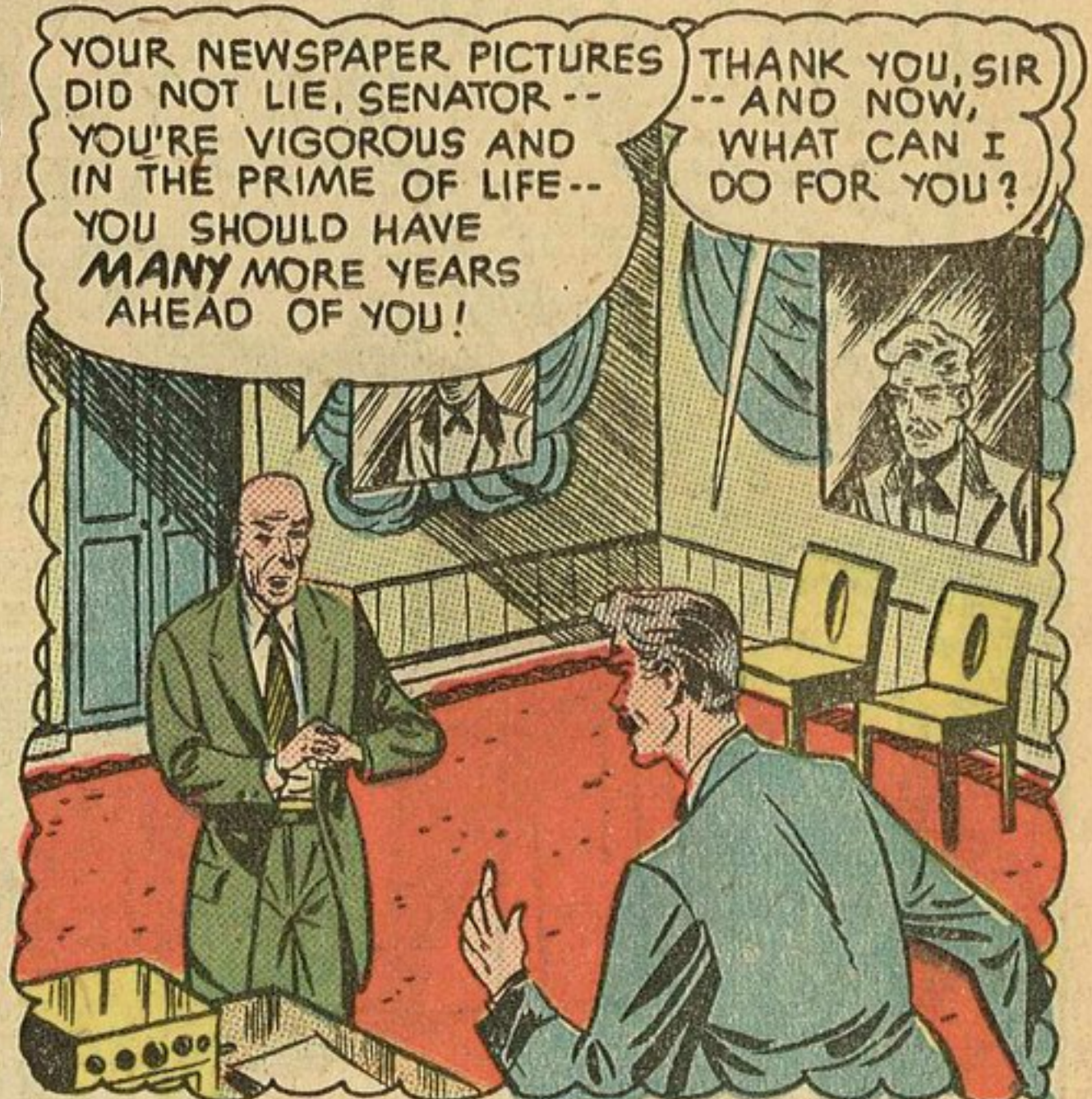
SIDENOTE

VOTE STRAIGHT

"A MOMENT LATER..."

YOUR NEWSPAPER PICTURES DID NOT LIE, SENATOR-- YOU'RE VIGOROUS AND IN THE PRIME OF LIFE-- YOU SHOULD HAVE **MANY MORE YEARS** AHEAD OF YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR-- AND NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!

YE GODS-- IT-- IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

" IN AN INSTANT THE AWFUL **THING** WAS UPON ME-- ITS TENTACLES SENDING A STAB OF AGONY THROUGH MY SPINE-- PARALIZING ME INTO HELPLESS IMMOBILITY!"



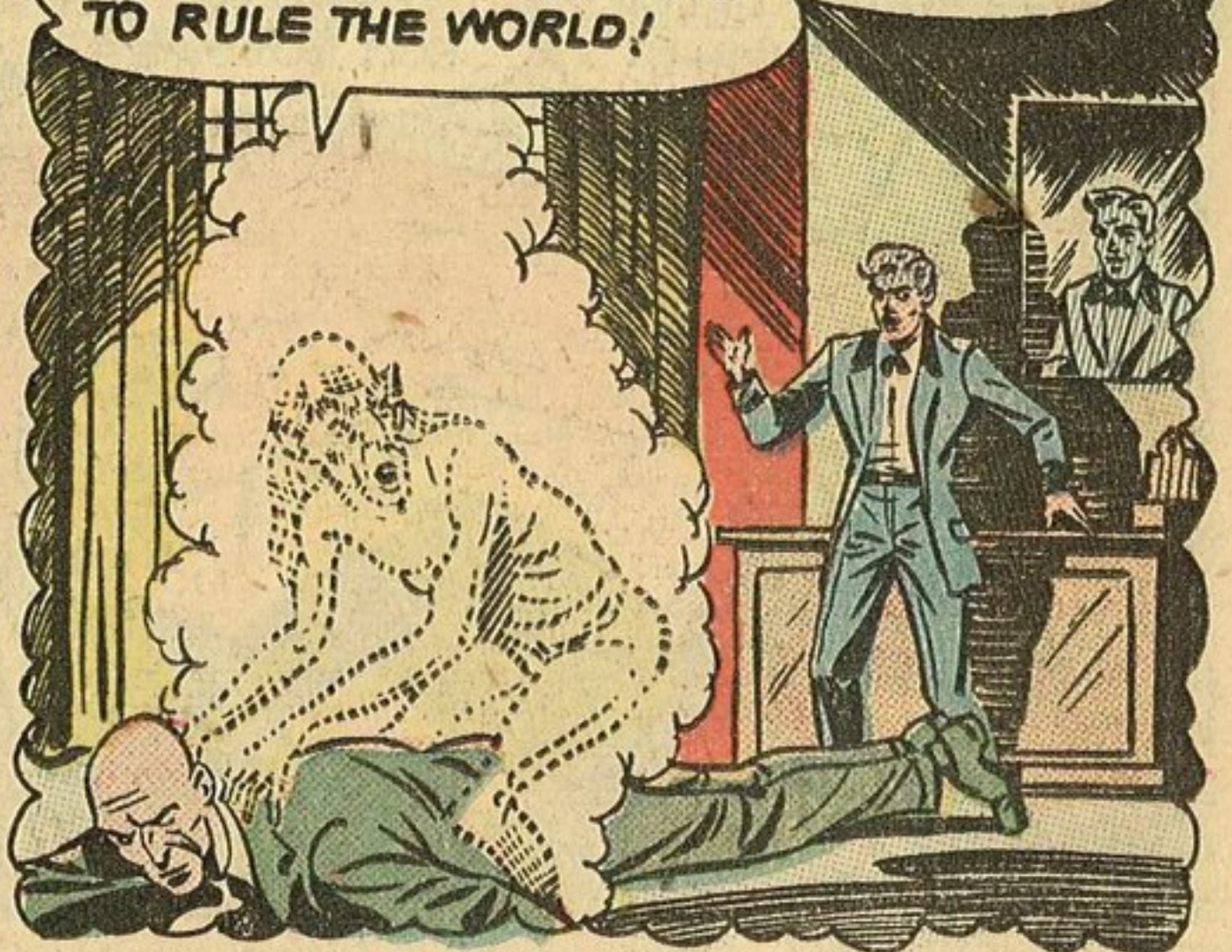
HELP-- MMF!

HA--YOU ARE **POWERLESS!** AND NOW YOU WILL HAVE NO MORE USE FOR YOUR BODY-- BECAUSE I AM TAKING IT OVER!

BUT FIRST LEARN THAT I AM A **PHANTOM FIEND!**
A FEW OF US CAME UP FROM THE NETHERWORLD AT
THE BEGINNING OF TIME TO DO THE DEVIL'S WORK
ON EARTH! THROUGH THE AGES, WE HAVE
POSSESSED COUNTLESS HUMAN BODIES,
USING THEM FOR OUR OWN EVIL ENDS!
THE ANCIENTS SPOKE OF SUCH RULERS
AS CHARLES THE MAD AND IVAN
THE TERRIBLE AS BEING
"POSSESSED"--
AND THEY WERE-- BY US!



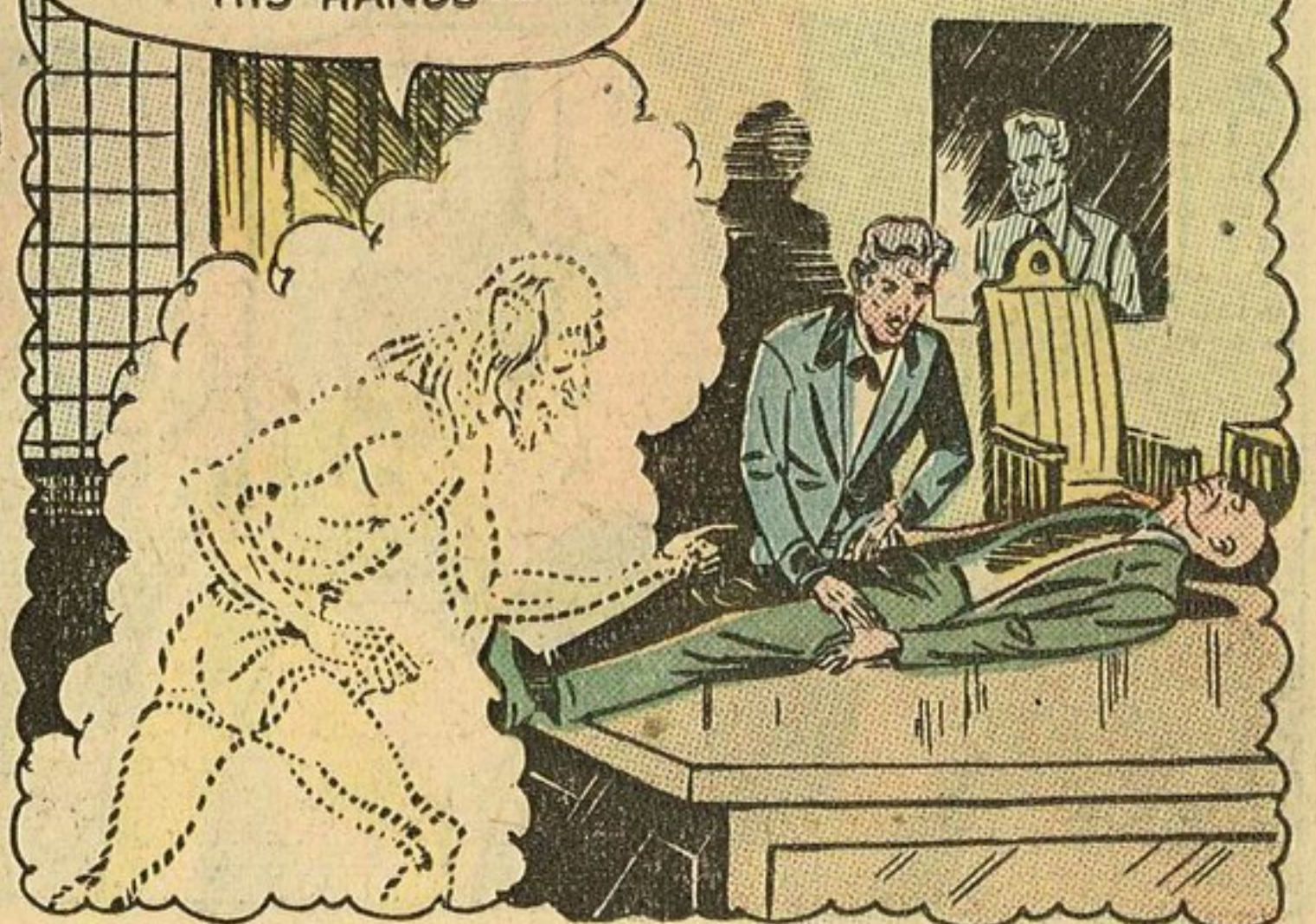
WE SEEK POWER IN DIFFERENT WAYS, BUT
OUR PURPOSE REMAINS THE SAME-- TO
DESTROY MANKIND! I AM TIRED OF THE
ROLES I HAVE PLAYED THRU HISTORY--NO,
LONGER WILL I BE A MERE CUTTHROAT OR
ASSASSIN-- FOR NOW I HAVE A PLAN
WHICH WILL ENABLE ME
TO RULE THE WORLD!



YES, I AM GOING TO ABANDON THIS OLD MAN'S
BODY BEFORE HE DIES-- BECAUSE THE ONLY WAY A
PHANTOM FIEND CAN PERISH IS IF HE MAKES THE
MISTAKE OF INHABITING A **DEAD BODY!** I WILL
TAKE **YOURS**, SENATOR, BECAUSE WITH IT I CAN
SEIZE POLITICAL POWER **AND START THE
GREATEST WARS THE WORLD
HAS EVER SEEN!**



FIRST I WILL BE PRESIDENT-- AND
THEN-- **WORLD DICTATOR!**
HA-HA-HA! BUT ENOUGH OF
TALK-- I AM READY TO
MAKE THE TRANSFORMATION!
THAT'S RIGHT-- GRASP
HIS HANDS--



AND NOW, AS I TAKE POSSESSION
OF YOUR BODY, YOUR SPIRIT WILL
BE FORCED OUT -- INTO THE ONLY
PLACE IT CAN GO-- **THE
BODY I VACATED!**



"IT WAS A
WEIRD,
UNEARTHLY,
HORRIFYING
SENSATION!
I FELT MY
DISPOSSESSED
SPIRIT HOVER
LIKE A GHOST
IN MID-AIR--
AND THEN IT
WAS DRAWN
IRRESISTIBLY
INTO THE
BODY OF AN
UTTER
STRANGER!
IT WAS...
GHASTLY!"

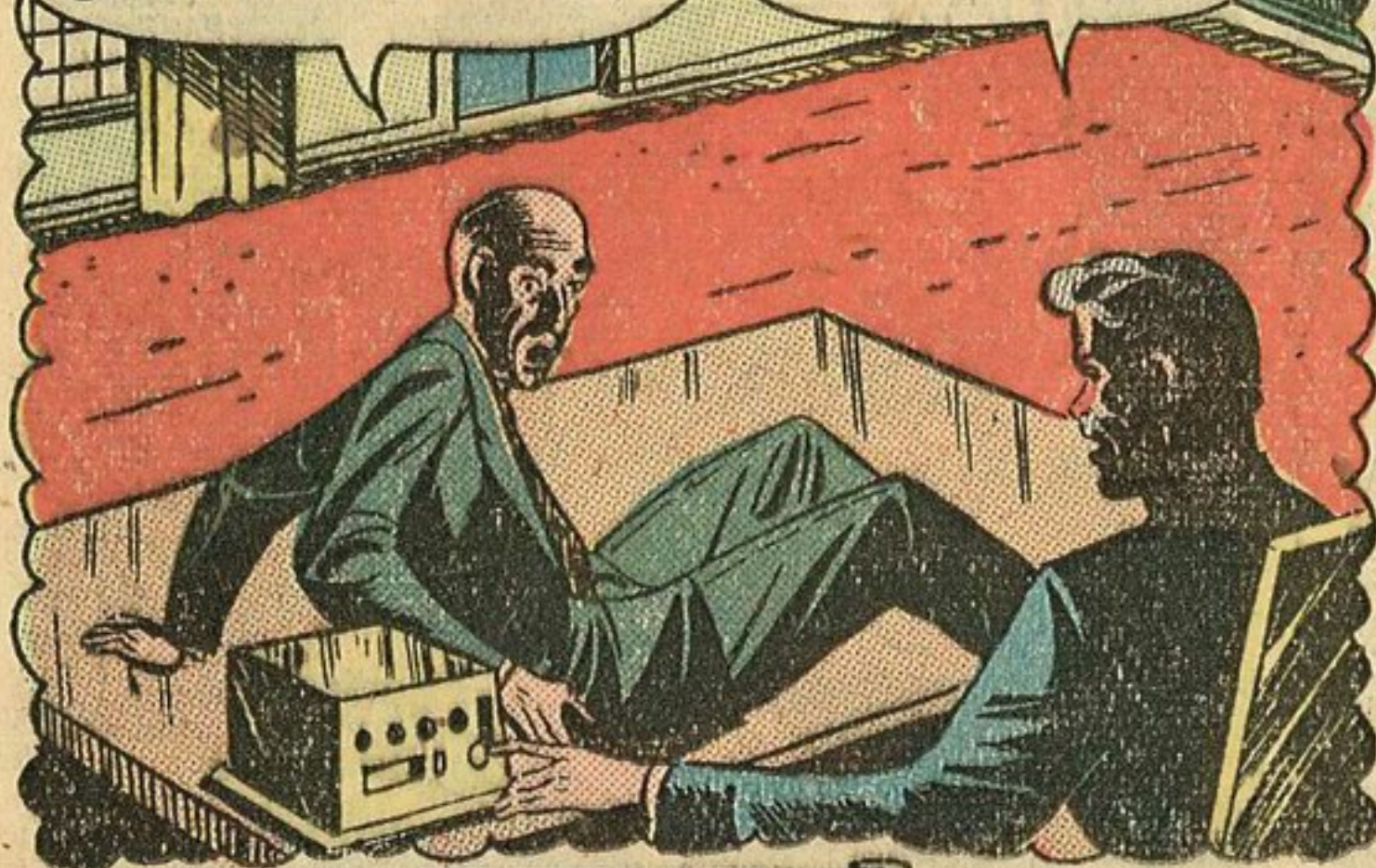


HA-HAA! IT
IS DONE!

"AFTER A DIZZYING MOMENT--FRAUGHT WITH HORROR..."

IT... IT'S INCREDIBLE! MY MIND AND PERSONALITY ARE STILL THOSE OF JOSIAH PHINLEY-- BUT MY BODY IS SOMEONE ELSE'S! YOU FIEND-- YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

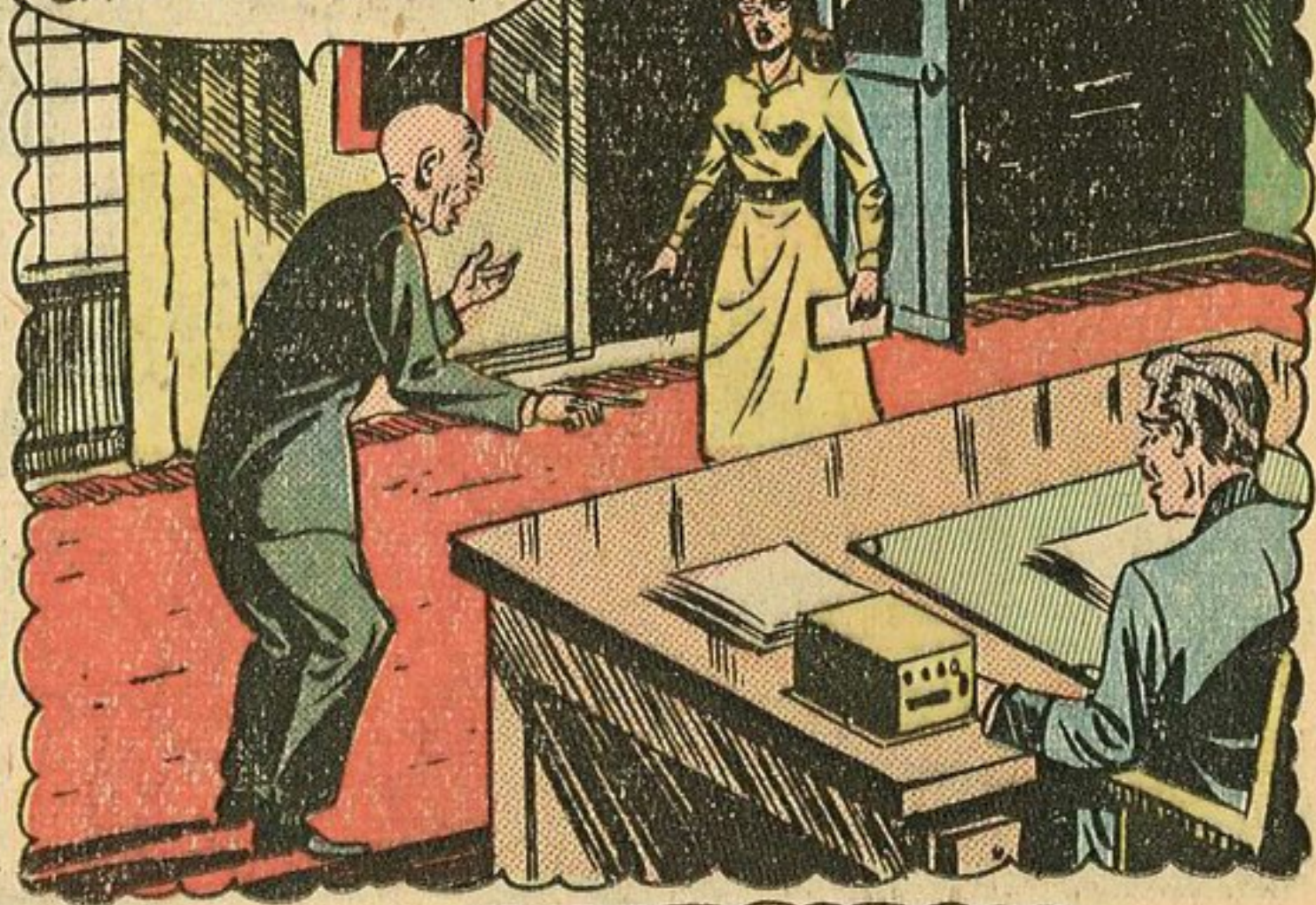
GO AHEAD-- TELL THE WORLD! THE MORE YOU TELL, THE LESS YOU'LL BE BELIEVED! I'LL BUZZ FOR YOUR SECRETARY-- SEE FOR YOURSELF!



MISS ROGERS, I'M THE REAL SENATOR PHINLEY-- THAT MAN BEHIND MY DESK IS A FIEND, IN POSSESSION OF MY BODY! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME-- CALL THE POLICE!

WHY... YOU'RE MAD!

HUMOR HIM, MISS ROGERS-- BUT CALL THE POLICE-- AND AN AMBULANCE!



BACK AT THE PSYCHOTIC WARD...

AND THE DEMON WAS RIGHT-- THE MORE I TOLD THE POLICE, THE CRAZIER THEY THOUGHT I WAS! BUT YOU BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU, DOCTOR? YOU... YOU'VE GOT TO!

NOW, NOW, CALM YOURSELF-- I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO SETTLE YOUR NERVES!



THE POOR CHAP CERTAINLY TELLS AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY CONVINCINGLY! I'M GOING TO INJECT SOME OF THIS TRUTH SERUM-- **SODIUM PENTATHOL**-- INTO HIM! THIS SHOULD HELP ME FIND OUT WHO HE REALLY IS!



MINUTES LATER, IN RESPONSE TO DOCTOR PATTON'S QUESTIONING...

I AM... SENATOR JOSIAH PHINLEY... IN ANOTHER'S BODY...

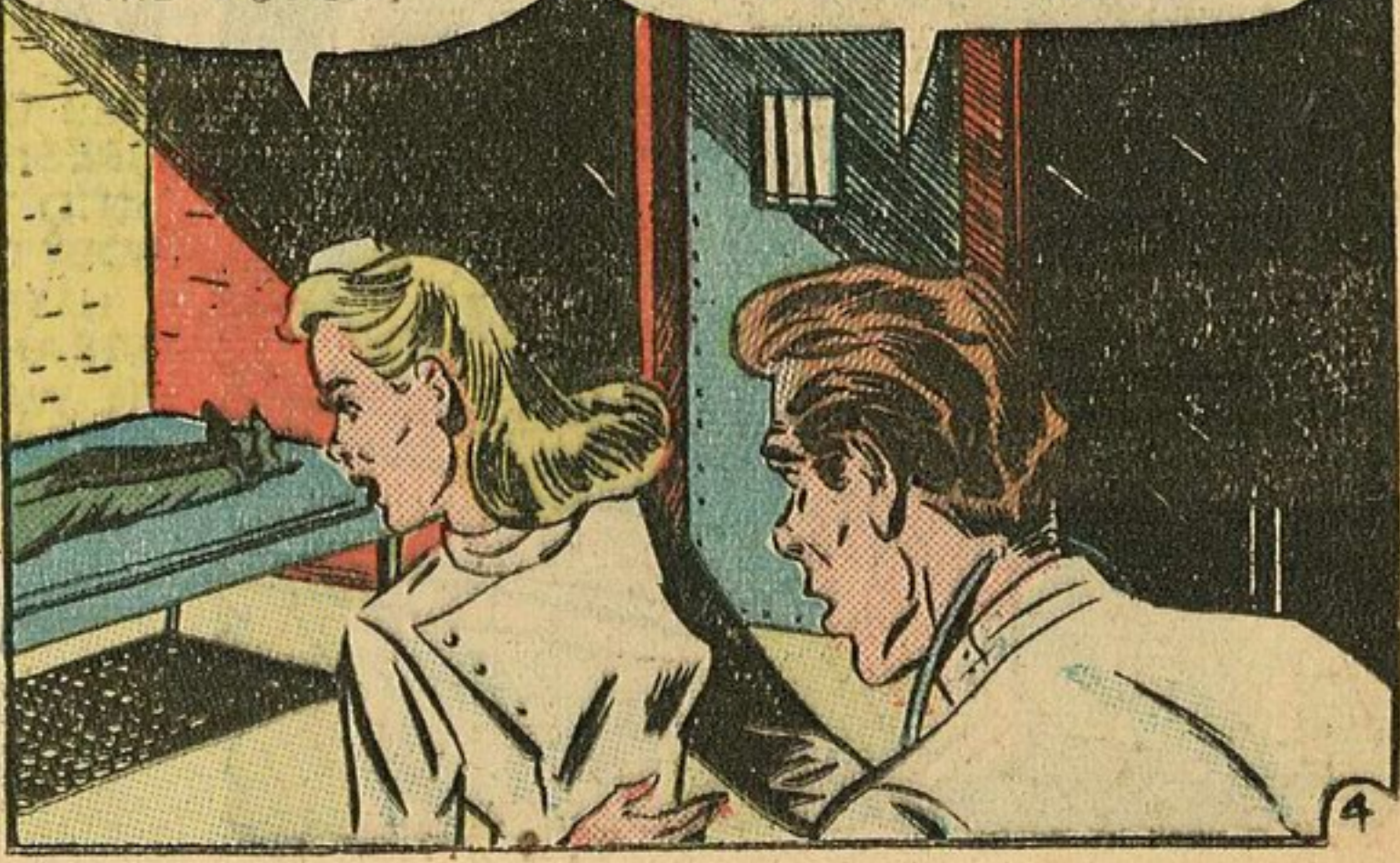
GREAT SCOTT-- HIS STORY WAS TRUE!

THAT MEANS THE ENTIRE WORLD IS IN MORTAL DANGER! THAT FIEND WILL STOP AT NOTHING!

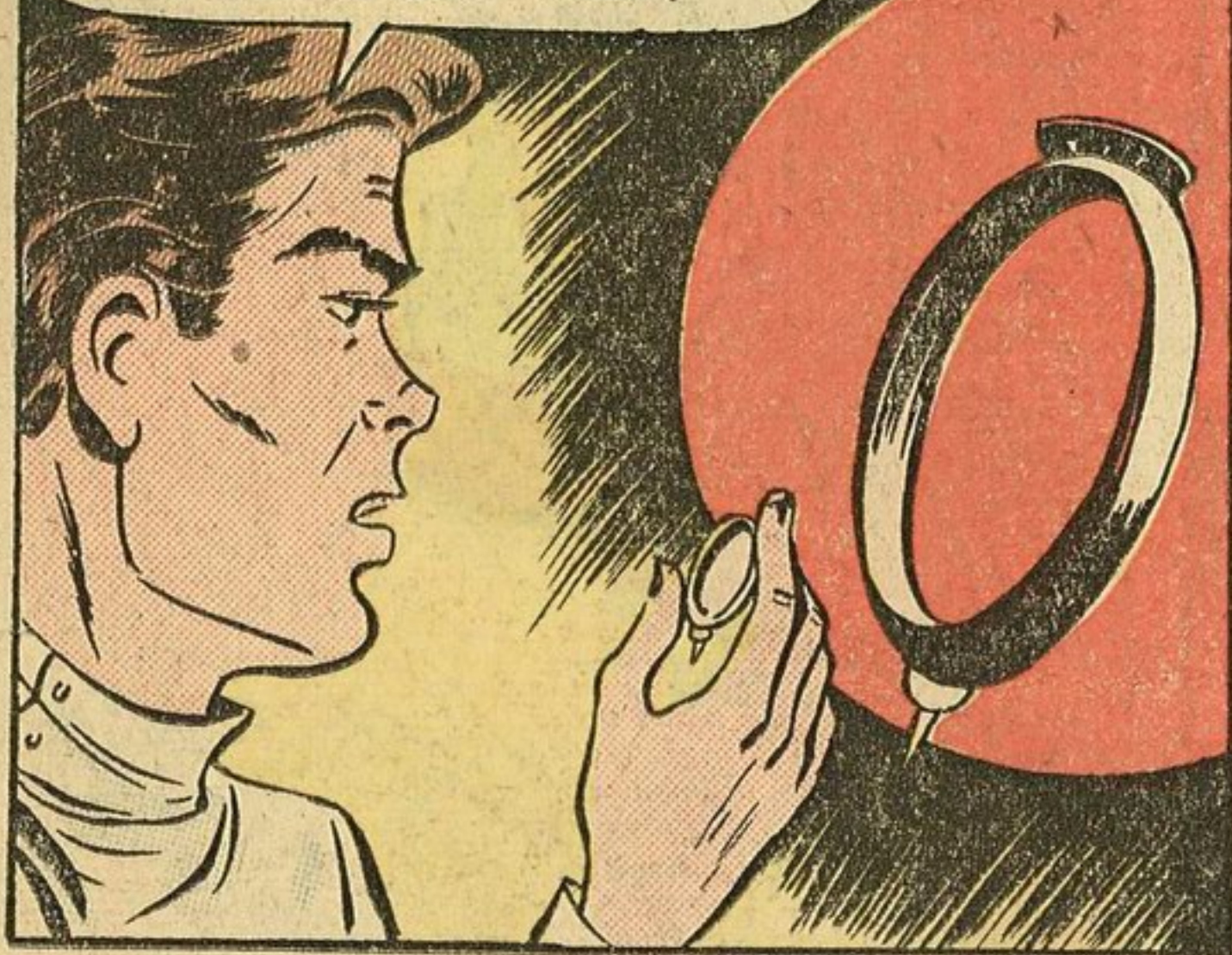


IT'LL BE HOURS BEFORE HE SLEEPS OFF THE EFFECTS OF THAT DRUG, AND MEANWHILE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO ANSWER ANY MORE QUESTIONS-- WHICH MEANS WE COULDN'T PROVE THE STORY IF WE TOLD IT TO THE POLICE!

YOU'RE RIGHT-- THEY'D THINK WE WERE CRAZY-- SO WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO STOP THE FIEND OURSELVES! WE CAN'T KILL THE SENATOR'S BODY, BECAUSE THE FIEND WOULD ONLY ESCAPE TO INHABIT SOME OTHER PERSON! WAIT-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



THIS MAGICIAN'S PROP RING! IT'S USUALLY USED TO SQUIRT DYE -- BUT AFTER I FILL THE SAC WITH A STRONG **DRUG**-- AND ATTACH A SMALL HYPERDERMIC NEEDLE, ANYONE WHO SHAKE'S MY HAND WILL GET A **TERRIFIC SURPRISE!**



I SEE-- SOMEHOW YOU'LL SHAKE THE DEMON'S-- ER, THE SENATOR'S HAND, SO THE SENATOR'S BODY WILL BE DRUGGED, AND THEREFORE USELESS!

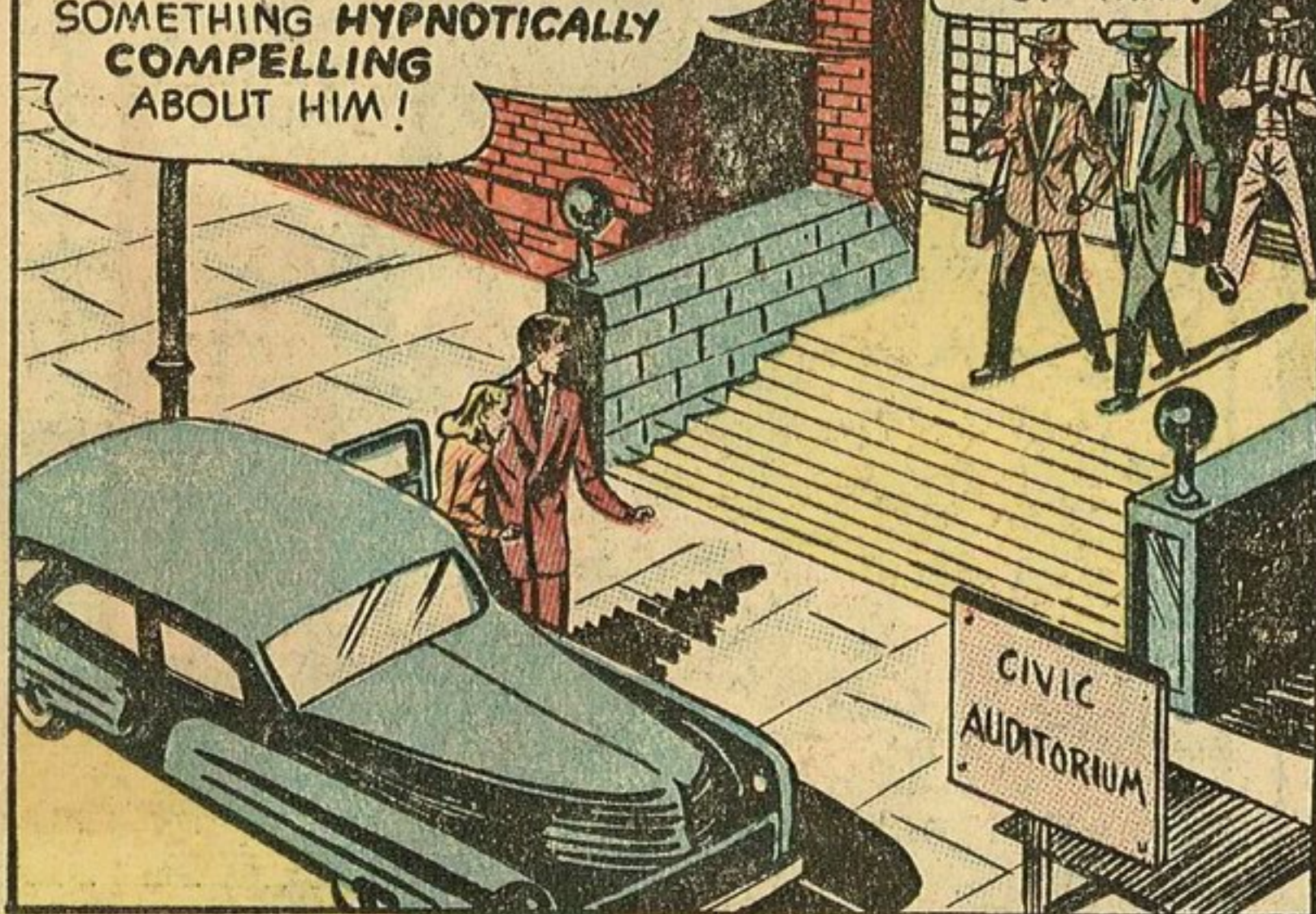
EXACTLY-- AND THEN PERHAPS WE CAN DRIVE THE FIEND **OUT** OF THE BODY AND CAPTURE IT! THE FIEND IS SURE TO GO THROUGH WITH THE SPEECH THAT PHINLEY HAD PLANNED FOR TONIGHT-- AND WHEN HE FINISHES, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO BE THERE TO **CONGRATULATE** HIM!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

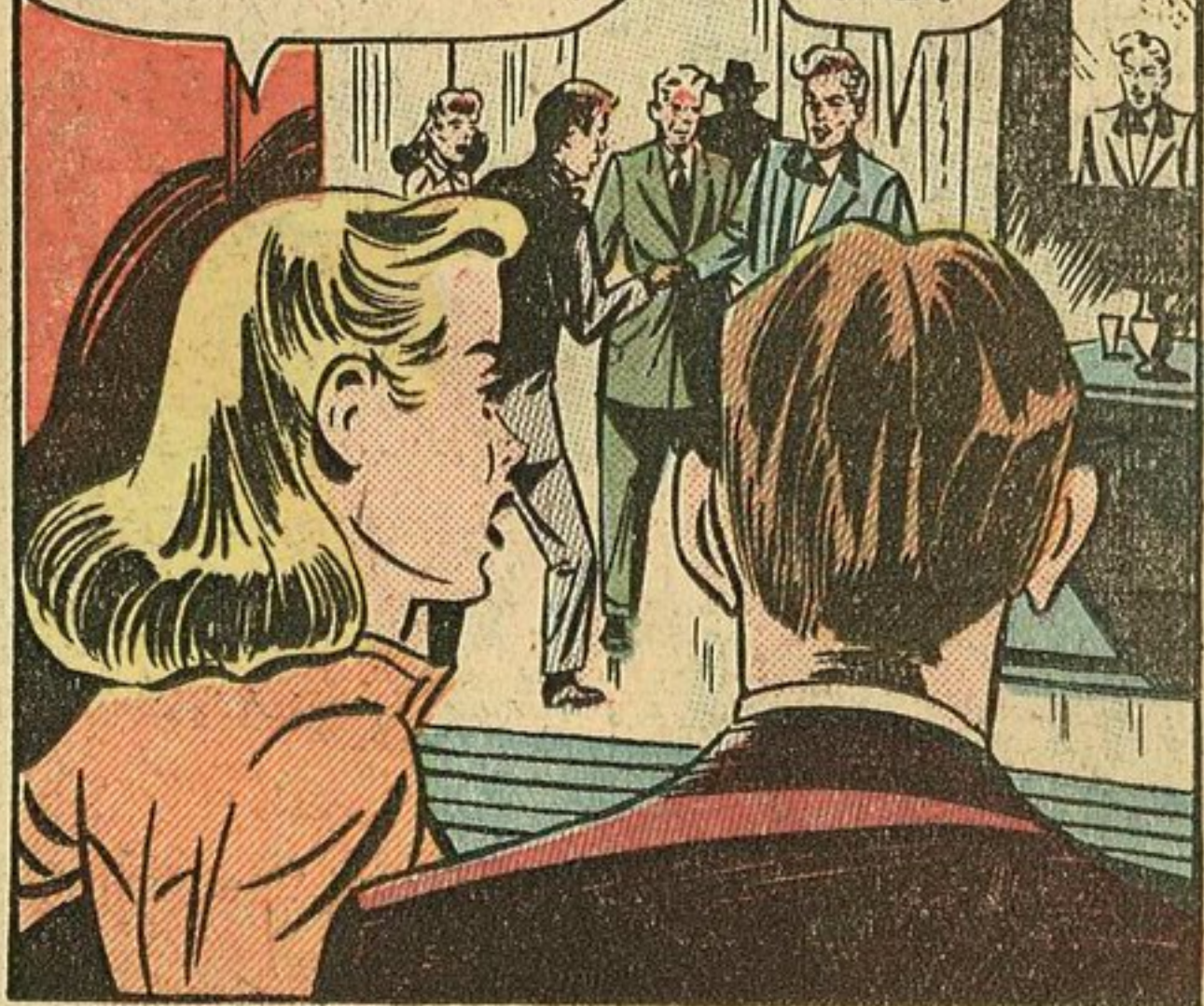
PHINLEY CERTAINLY SOUNDED LIKE A POWER-MAD WARMONGER TONIGHT! BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING **HYPNOTICALLY COMPELLING** ABOUT HIM!

YEAH, I... I HATE WAR-- BUT AFTER HEARING HIM-- I FEEL I'VE **GOT** TO VOTE FOR HIM!



HE MUST HAVE EXERTED SOME HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER THE AUDIENCE-- LOOK HOW EVERYONE IS CROWDING AROUND TO SHAKE HIS HAND!

AND AS A POLITICIAN OUT FOR VOTES, HE'LL GLAD-HAND ANYONE-- INCLUDING **ME!**



CONGRATULATIONS, SENATOR, THAT WAS A WORTHY SPEECH---

WHA-- OWW!

--WORTHY OF ONE OF THE **DEVIL'S EMISSARIES**

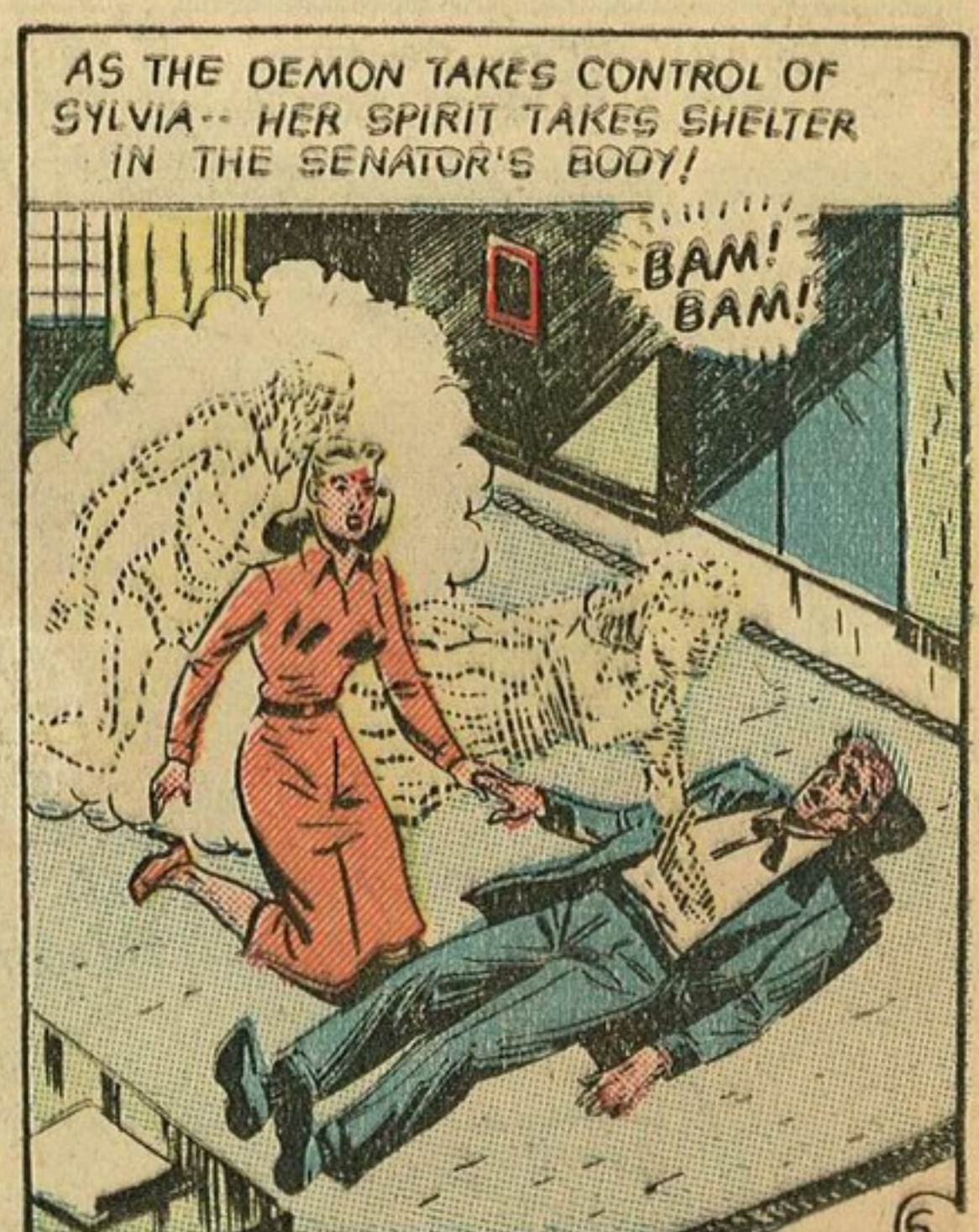
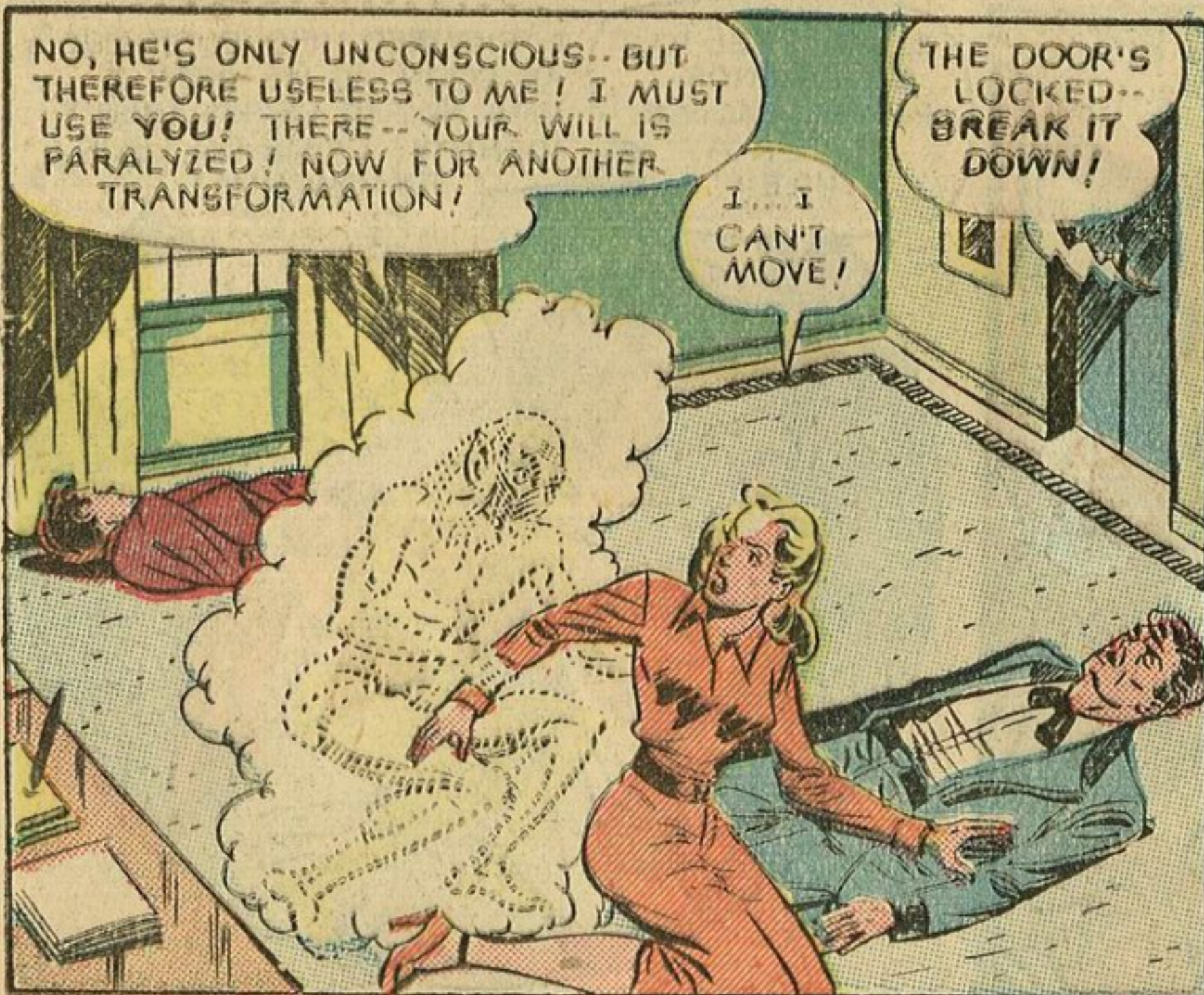


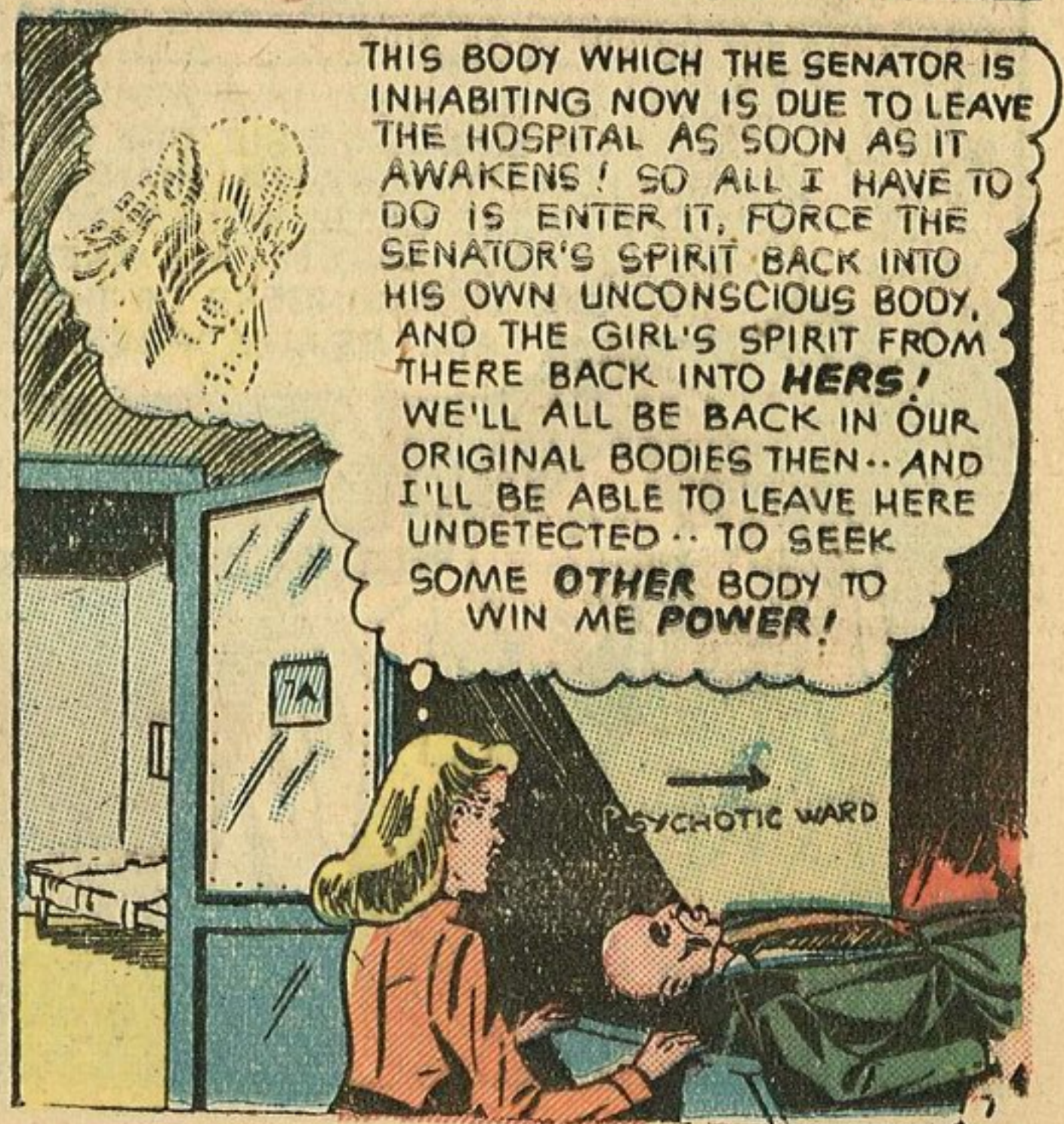
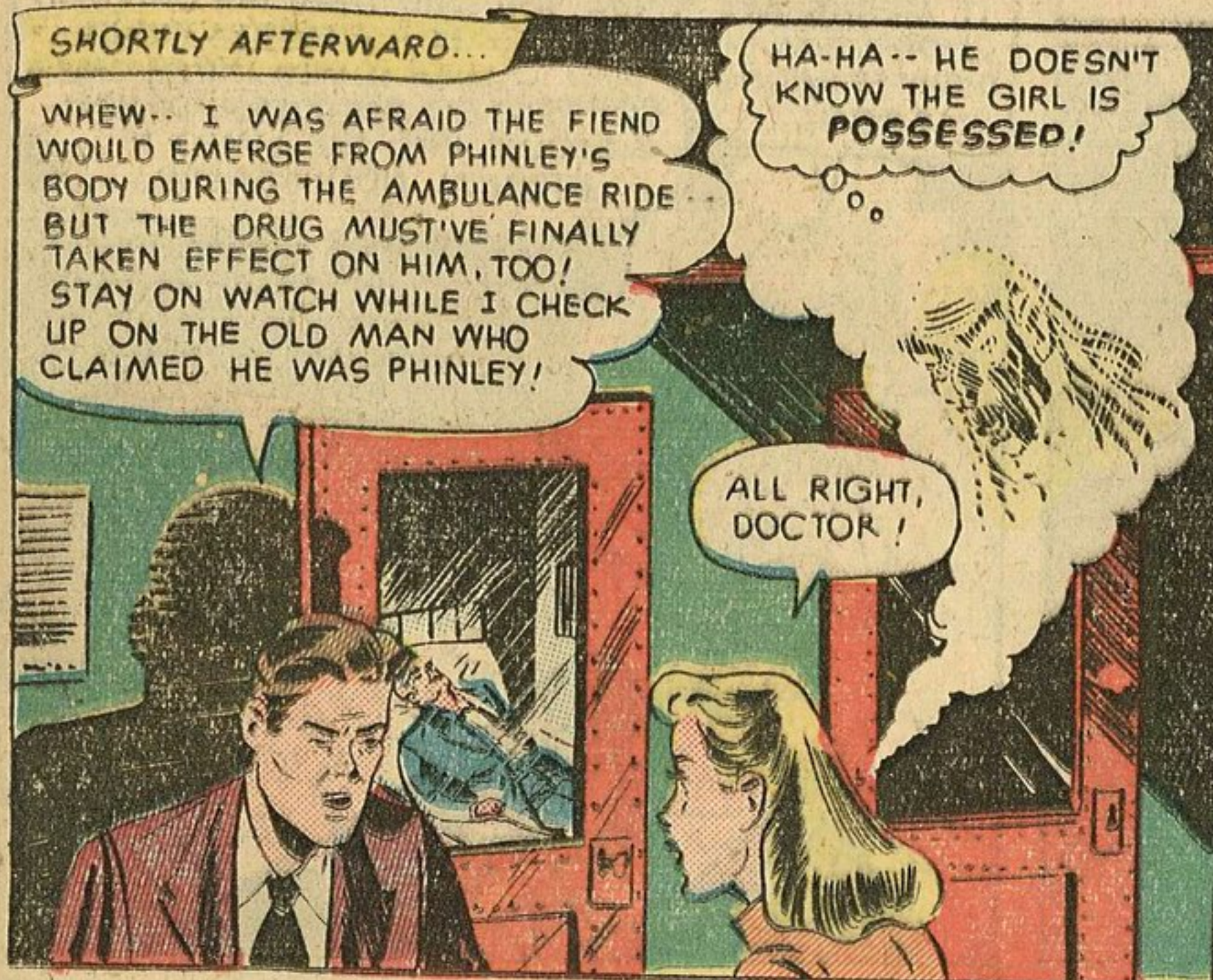
I... I FEEL ILL, MY FRIENDS-- PLEASE EXCUSE ME FOR A WHILE!

I FIGURED HE'D DUCK OUT AS SOON AS HE KNEW I WAS AWARE OF HIS TRUE IDENTITY! COME ON, LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

I'M A DOCTOR-- LET US THROUGH, PLEASE!







ONCE AGAIN, THAT STRANGE TRANSFORMATION-- WITH SPIRITS NOW RETURNING TO THEIR PREVIOUS BODIES...



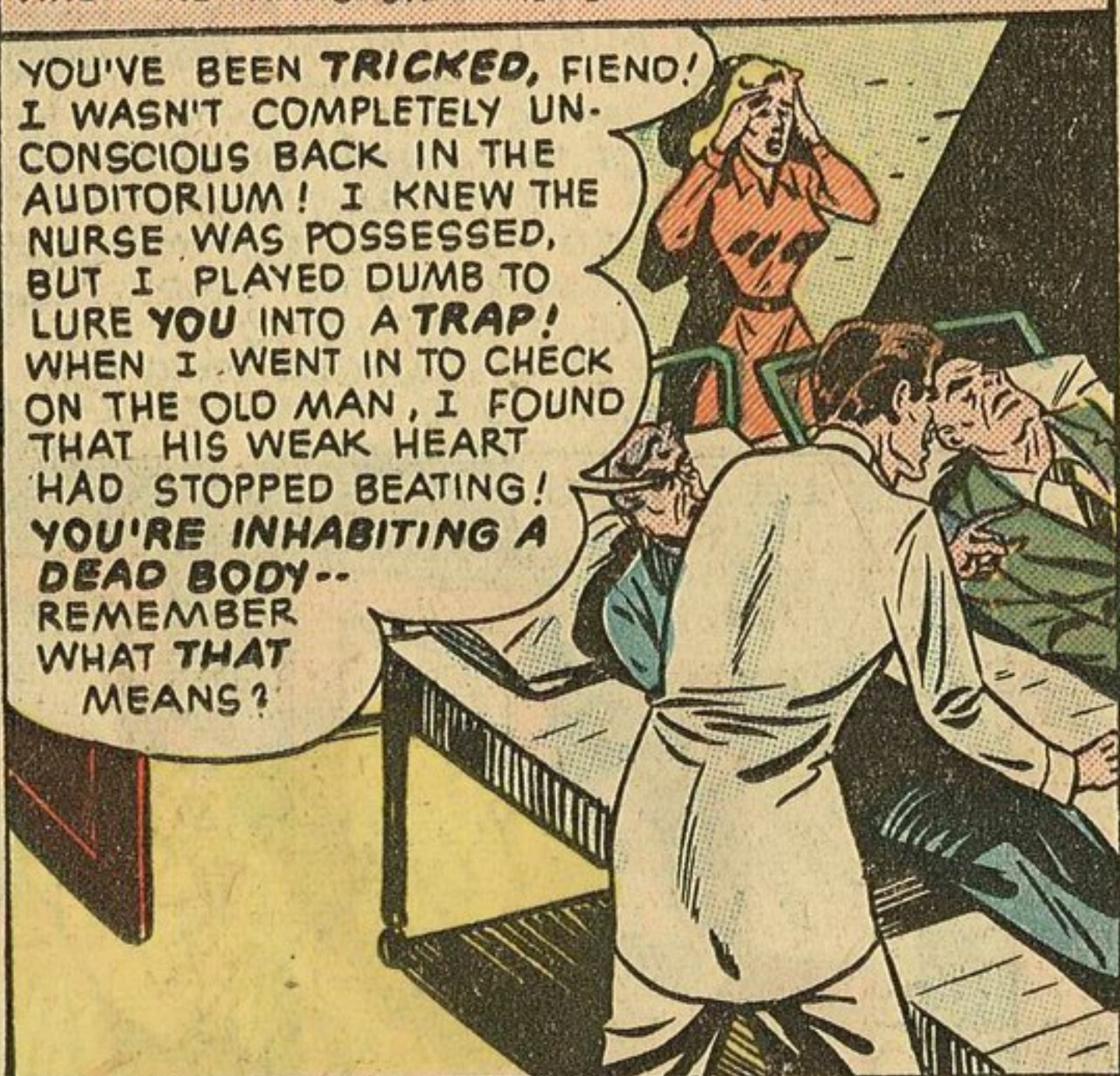
HA-HA! GETTING THEM ALL TOGETHER THIS WAY SHOULD DO THE TRICK! IN AN INSTANT, EVERYTHING WILL BE AS IT WAS, AND THEN--

MY PLAN'S WORKING-- THEY'RE ALL RETURNING TO THEIR ORIGINAL BODIES!



WHEN THE TRANSFORMATIONS ARE COMPLETE...

YOU'VE BEEN **TRICKED**, FIEND! I WASN'T COMPLETELY UNCONSCIOUS BACK IN THE AUDITORIUM! I KNEW THE NURSE WAS POSSESSED, BUT I PLAYED DUMB TO LURE **YOU** INTO A **TRAP**! WHEN I WENT IN TO CHECK ON THE OLD MAN, I FOUND THAT HIS WEAK HEART HAD STOPPED BEATING! **YOU'RE INHABITING A DEAD BODY--** REMEMBER WHAT **THAT** MEANS?



IT MEANS **MY DOOM!** I'M DISINTEGRATING-- **YAAGH!**

YES, YOU SAID THAT THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY A PHANTOM FIEND WAS TO LURE IT INTO INHABITING A **CORPSE!** SO **DISSOLVE**, DEMON-- DISSOLVE INTO THE LIMBO OF ETERNAL NOTHINGNESS!



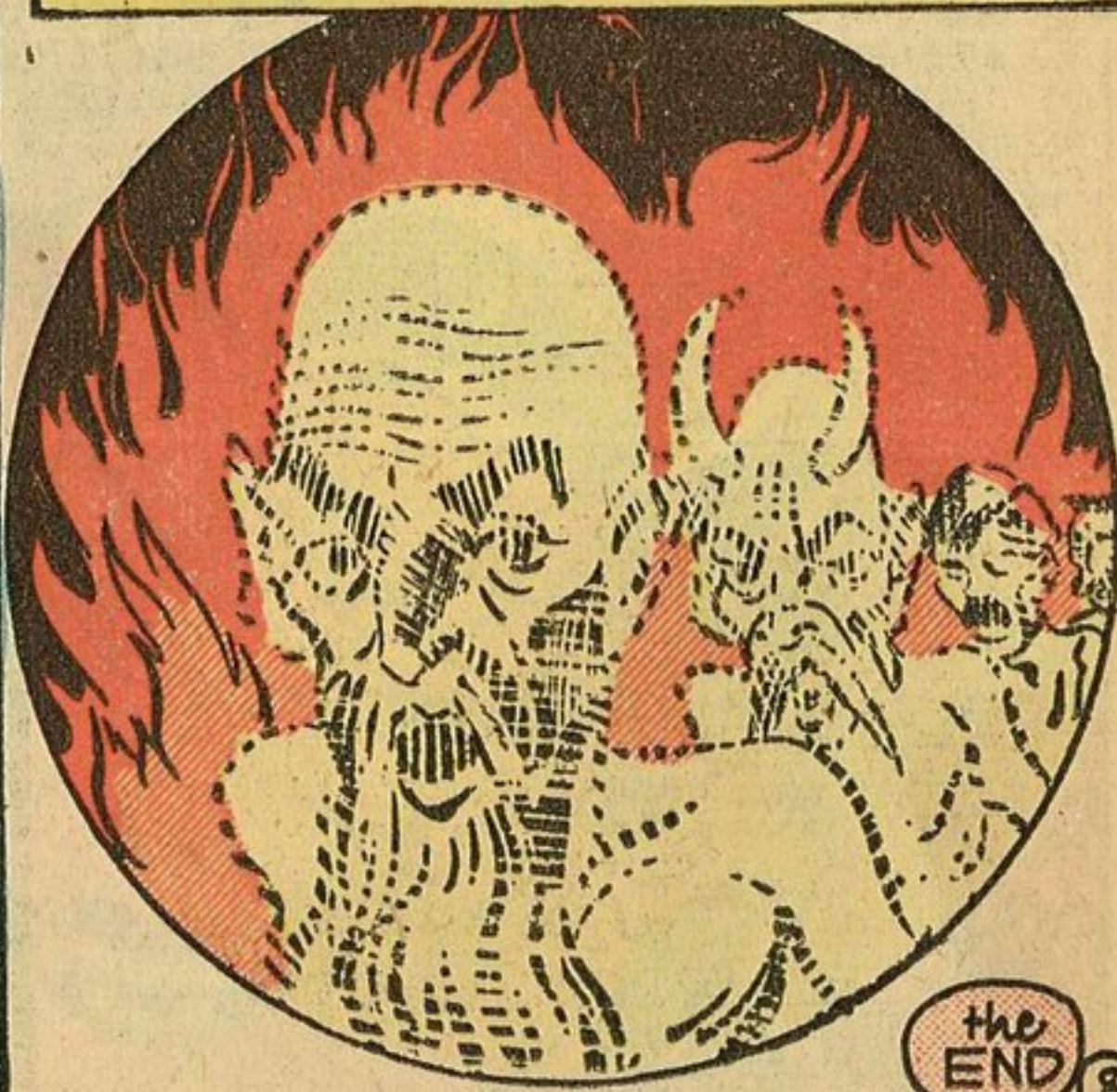
WHEN THE LAST GASPS AND WISPS OF SMOKE HAD VANISHED...

IT-- **IT'S GONE!** OH, I FEEL WEAK--

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE-- AND SO WILL THE REAL SENATOR! BUT ONE THING WORRIES ME-- HOW MANY **OTHER** PHANTOM FIENDS ARE STALKING THE EARTH RIGHT **NOW** IN THE GUISE OF HUMANS! WHO KNOWS WHETHER OR NOT THE EVIL WARMONGERS OF THIS WORLD ARE **REALLY "POSSESSED"**?



YES, READER, WHO KNOWS? WHO KNOWS WHICH HUMANS ARE POSSESSED BY PHANTOM FIENDS-- AND WHO KNOWS WHO WILL BE THE **NEXT** VICTIM? PERHAPS... **YOU?**



THE END 8

FLASH!

*You asked
for it...*

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

Now APPEARS MONTHLY!

That's right... America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires... twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read



FORBIDDEN WORLDS

The MIRACLE
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE



ANOTHER MONTH...ANOTHER issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown"... another meeting with the loyal fans and ardent supporters of America's first and greatest all-supernatural comics magazine! Greetings, all of you fine friends...let's sit down and talk it over!

There's something of vast importance that we've got to discuss with you. It's important because it might...or might not... mark a slight change in the future contents of this magazine that we all love so much. We're not going to make the decision ourselves...we're putting it up to you! That's in keeping with the policy we've always maintained...a policy which says that this is *your* publication, and must be conducted in accordance with your tastes and desires. And the question which is presently before our committee of loyal readers is this: should a certain portion of the contents of "Adventures Into The Unknown" be given over to weird science fiction stories? You know the type of stories we mean...the Man-From-Mars variety which some people find so popular! In the event that *we* went in for them, every effort would be made to

feature only tense, chilling, other-worldly plots from out of the *Unknown*, and to confine our efforts in this direction to no more than one story per issue. But we won't unless we know with conviction that you, our readers, desire something of this sort... and we'll never know unless you write us, definitely expressing your opinion.

So far, fortunately, you've always enthusiastically liked what we've brought you...and we don't think the present issue will be any exception! "Red Moonlight" is an eerie and gripping yarn...and "The Creeper" is as spooky and spinetling a piece as ever we've published! We think you'll go for "Phantom Fiend", a weird yarn that packs a surprise punch...and "The Devil and The War Bride" rounds out an all-star issue of exciting, fast-paced stories!

Write and tell us what you think of this issue while you're answering our question on science fiction supernaturals. Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. As for what some of our other readers are saying, here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is everything your other fans say it is in their letters. I've never read a better comic. In issue No. 40, the stories I liked best were 'The Soul Collectors' and 'Heart of the Snow Maiden'. I also enjoy the short stories. Keep up the good work!

--J. Wrublewski, Long Island City, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I've just finished reading my latest issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I agree with you...it's the best as yet! I've read many comics dealing with the supernatural, but yours is always tops. I look forward eagerly to each new release.

--K. Henninger, Coquille, Oregon"

"Dear Editor:-

I've read pretty near all of your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' issues. They're really super! I remember that several years ago, you had a series of stories on 'The Living Ghost'. They were the best, most terrifying stories I've ever read. Is it at all possible to run some additional chapters on this character?

--John Isom, Silvis, Ill."

IN IRELAND, THEY SAY, THE "LITTLE FOLK" DANCE BY MOONLIGHT-- AND THE BANSHEE'S WAIL SPREADS TERROR! SUPERSTITION? FOLKLORE? BEFORE YOU DECIDE, LISTEN TO THE HORRIFYING TALE OF CAPTAIN PHIL CARTER, AMERICAN PILOT-- AND LEARN THE STRANGE SECRET OF---

The DEVIL and the War Bride



THE WAR WAS OVER, AND I HAD FOUND MY LOVE-- DEEP IN THE HEART OF QUANT OLD ERIN--

OH, PHIL DARLIN'-- SURE AN' THE LITTLE FOLK MUST BE LOOKIN' KINDLY ON US -- BRINGIN' US TOGETHER LIKE THIS!



LITTLE FOLK! DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN LEPRECHAUNS AND ALL THAT SUPERSTITIOUS IRISH NONSENSE!



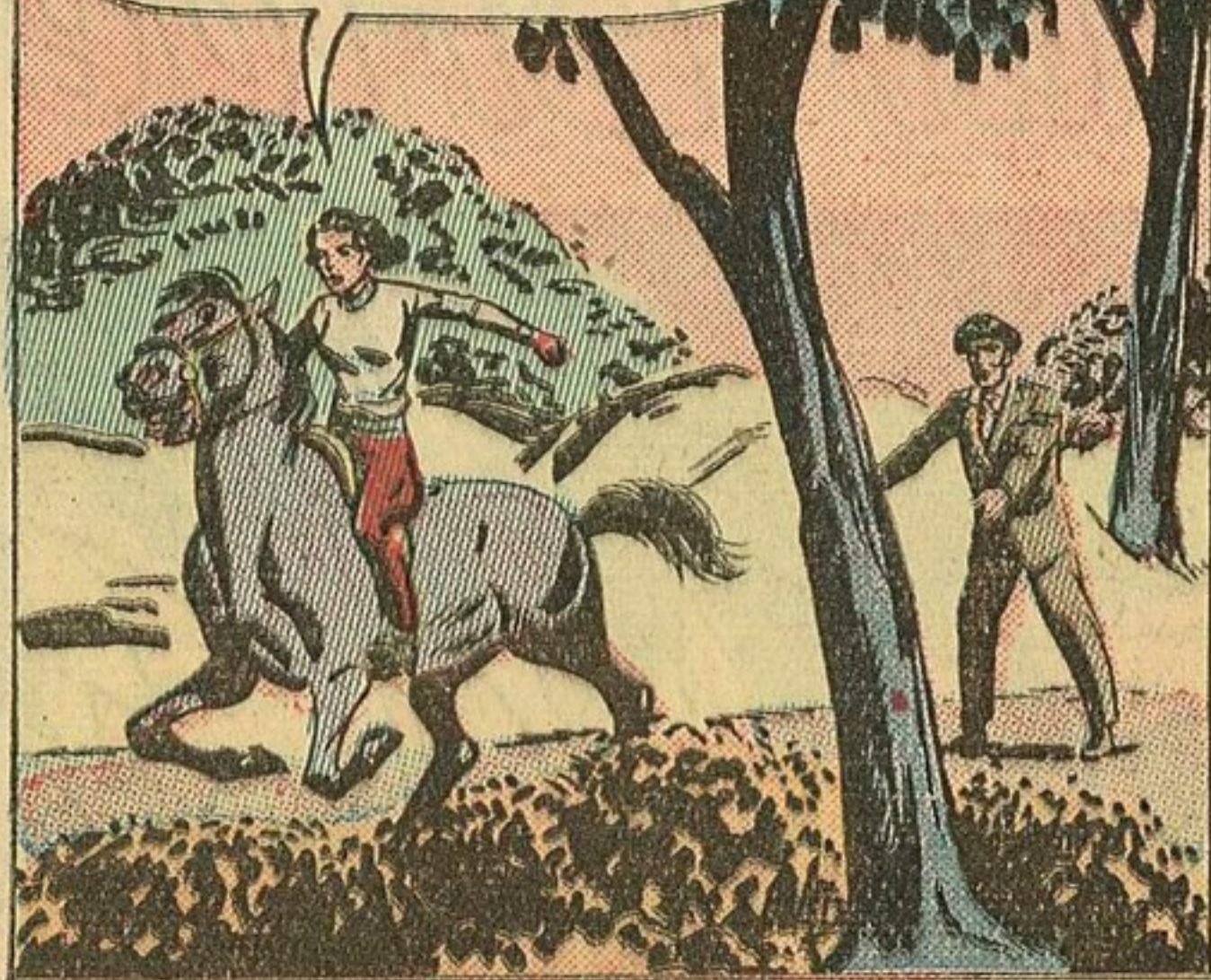
I'LL TEACH YE TO BE MOCKIN' AT ME! THIS IS THE MOST HAUNTED SECTION OF IRELAND -- AND I NOT ONLY BELIEVE IN LEPRECHAUNS AND BANSHEES, BUT IN THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

COREEN! WAIT!



AS COREEN'S FIERY TEMPER FLARED --

I'LL NOT BE WAITIN' -- NOR HAVIN' ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH AN UNBELIEVIN' FOOL!



AND SO, BLINDED BY RAGE, COREEN GALLOPED HEAD-
LONG INTO THE HAUNTED FOREST -- HAVEN OF LOST
SOULS AND EVIL SPIRITS!

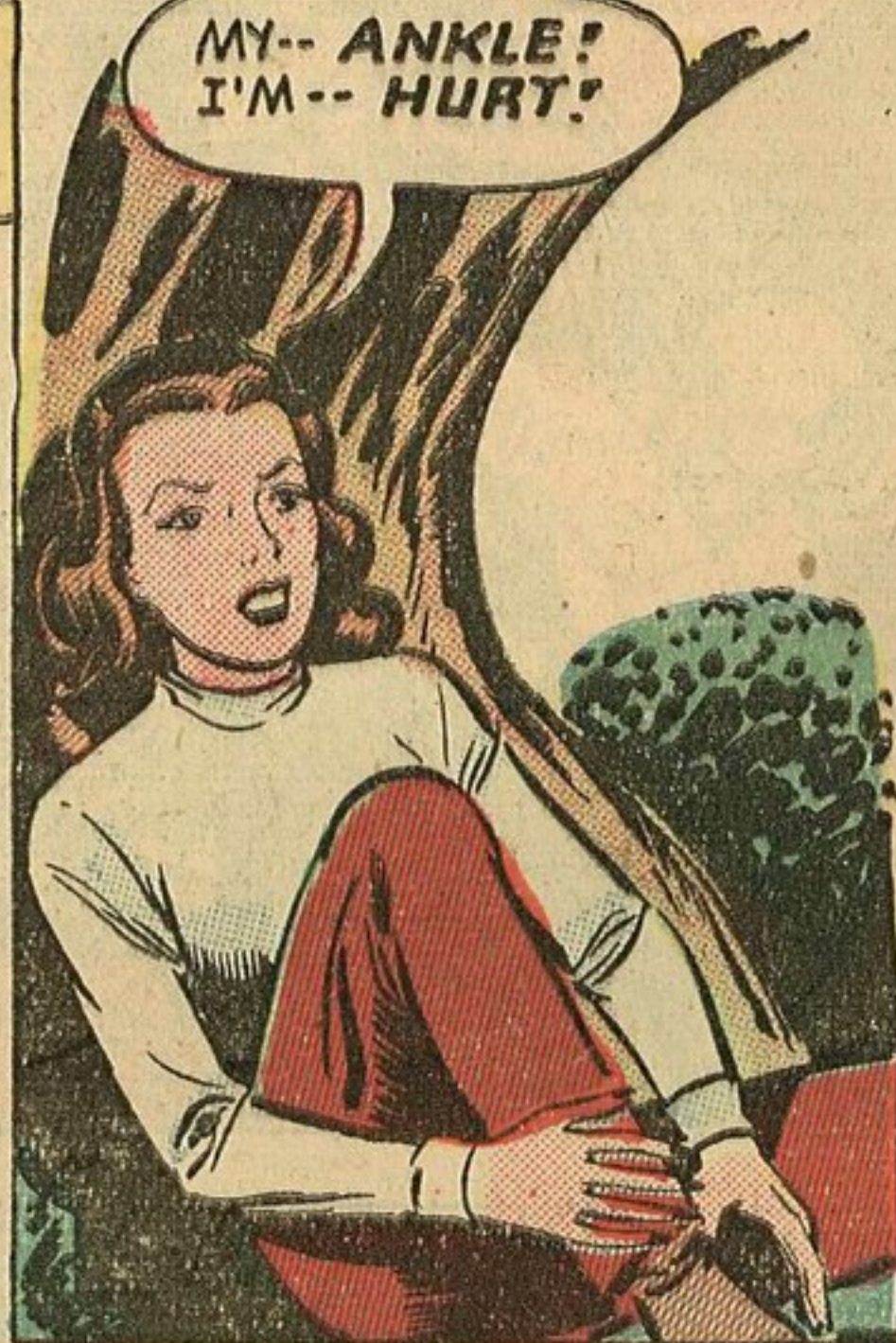


IT WAS SOMETHING INVISIBLE
TO COREEN THAT STARTLED
HER HORSE --

I'M --
FALLING...



MY -- ANKLE!
I'M -- HURT!



HELPLESS, HER HORSE GONE,
THERE WAS BUT ONE THING
TO DO --

I'LL -- HAVE TO SPEND
THE NIGHT IN THIS HORRIBLE
FOREST! THAT QUEER-LOOKIN'
PATCH O' WEEDS --
THEY LOOK SOFT --



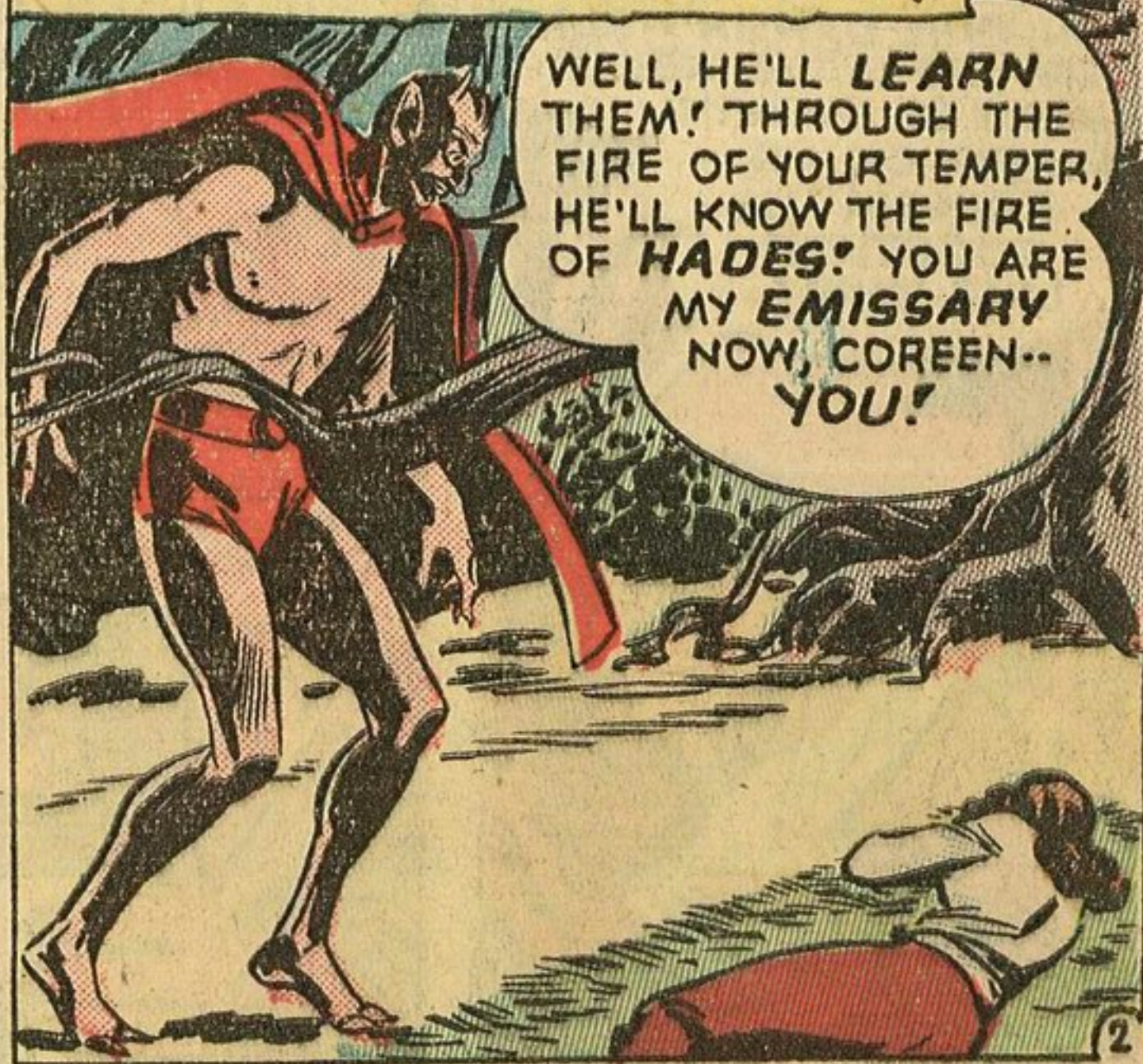
SLEEP -- TROUBLED SLEEP! THEN -- WAS IT A
NIGHTMARE, THIS AWFUL APPARITION THAT
STALKED HER TROUBLED MIND?

HE DOESN'T BELIEVE
YOU, COREEN! HE
DOUBTS THE
POWERS OF THE
UNKNOWN!



OR WAS IT -- GHASTLY REALITY?

WELL, HE'LL LEARN
THEM! THROUGH THE
FIRE OF YOUR TEMPER,
HE'LL KNOW THE FIRE
OF HADES! YOU ARE
MY EMISSARY
NOW, COREEN --
YOU!



NEXT MORNING, HALF-FRANTIC WITH WORRY, I LED A SEARCH PARTY TO THE HAUNTED FOREST, WHERE--

OH, PHIL! I KNEW YOU'D COME FOR ME!

COREEN--THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE!



DARLIN', IT'S BEEN A NIGHT OF TERROR! PLEASE TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS EVIL PLACE-- FOREVER!

SURE, SWEET-HEART! WE'LL GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY! AND THEN-- AMERICA!



WE LEFT THE HORROR BEHIND--THE GLOOMY FEARS WERE FORGOTTEN...OR SO I THOUGHT!

PHIL, I HAVE A STRANGE FEELIN' I'VE NOT LEFT IRELAND ENTIRELY--THAT I'VE BROUGHT ALONG A SINISTER PART OF IT-- AND I'M AFRAID!

NONSENSE, DARLING --THIS SEA AIR WILL BRING BACK YOUR GOOD SPIRITS!



THE VOYAGE WAS UNEVENTFUL -- UNTIL WE REACHED THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.--

HMM-- AND WHAT ARE--

A GIFT FROM ME MOTHER, AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!



I THINK WE OUGHT TO CHARGE YOU DUTY ON THEM--THEY'RE MIGHTY RARE!

OH! YOU-- THE DEVIL TAKE YE!

IT WAS JUST AN INNOCENT IRISH SAYING-- BUT WHAT HAPPENED THEN FROZE MY BLOOD!

WHAT THE---! HE'S VANISHED --INTO THIN AIR!

YAAGH!

OH--NO!



BUT WHAT I DIDN'T SEE WAS EVEN MORE NERVE-SHATTERING!

HA! I'VE SELECTED A GOOD EMISSARY IN COREEN! HER QUICK TEMPER, PLUS THE UNEARTHLY POWER I'VE GIVEN HER, WILL GAIN ME MANY VICTIMS!



HOME AT LAST, I TRIED TO EASE COREEN'S MOUNTING TERROR--

BUT, SWEETHEART, IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! THERE'S DOUBTLESS SOME LOGICAL SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR HIS DISAPPEARANCE-- SO STOP WORRYING!

I.. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT...



ALL WENT WELL FOR AWHILE--UNTIL THE DAY COREEN WENT SHOPPING FOR THE FIRST TIME--

NOW HERE'S A CHOICE CUT-- AND ONLY THREE DOLLARS!

HMPH! MAY YOUR STORE BE CONSUMED BY FIRE IF YE CHARGE PRICES LIKE THOSE!



AT ONCE-- TRAGEDY! AS IF STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, THE SHOP BURST INTO LEAPING TONGUES OF FLAME--

RUN-- WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!

I MUST HAVE CAUSED IT-- I MUST HAVE!



D-DID EVERYBODY ESCAPE?

NO-- SOME OF THEM WERE TRAPPED!



SHE DID IT! SHE CALLED DOWN A CURSE! "MAY YOUR STORE BE CONSUMED BY FIRE," SHE SAID-- AND THE NEXT MINUTE, IT HAPPENED! SHE'S A WITCH!

NO! I--



THE ANGRY MOB TOOK UP THE CRY--AND COREEN FLED IN PANIC!

SEIZE THE WITCH!

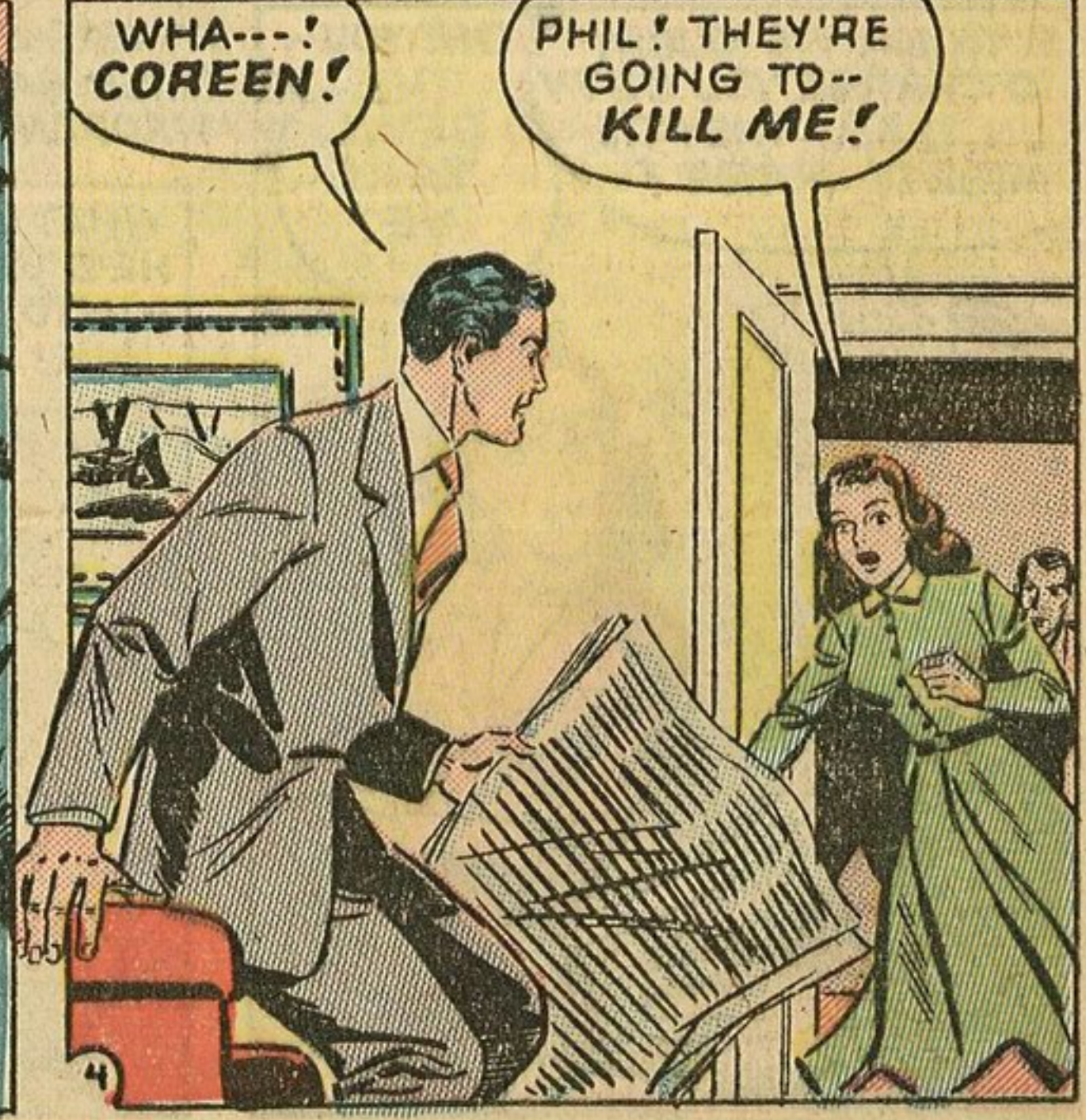
KILL HER!

MUST GET HOME-- TO PHIL!



WHA---! COREEN!

PHIL! THEY'RE GOING TO-- KILL ME!



AS SHE SOBBED OUT HER FEARFUL STORY--

EASY, BABY-- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT MOB BREAKS DOWN THE DOOR!

I'M CURSED, PHIL! EVERY FATAL WISH OF MINE COMES TRUE-- AS THOUGH THE DEVIL WERE LISTENING!

BAM! BAM!

MAYBE WE CAN ESCAPE THROUGH THIS REAR WINDOW!

JUST AS I THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE, A GIANT OF A MAN RAN AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE--

HEY! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

OH-OH!

MAD WITH MOB FRENZY, HE CAME AT ME WITH A KNIFE! HE WAS WILLING TO KILL ME, TO GET AT COREEN!

PHIL! I-- MUST DO SOMETHING!

WHAT IF I REALLY HAVE SUPERNATURAL POWERS? I'VE GOT TO TRY IT-- OR PHIL WILL DIE!

AND THEN COREEN PROVED HER LOVE FOR ME-- DIABOLICALLY!

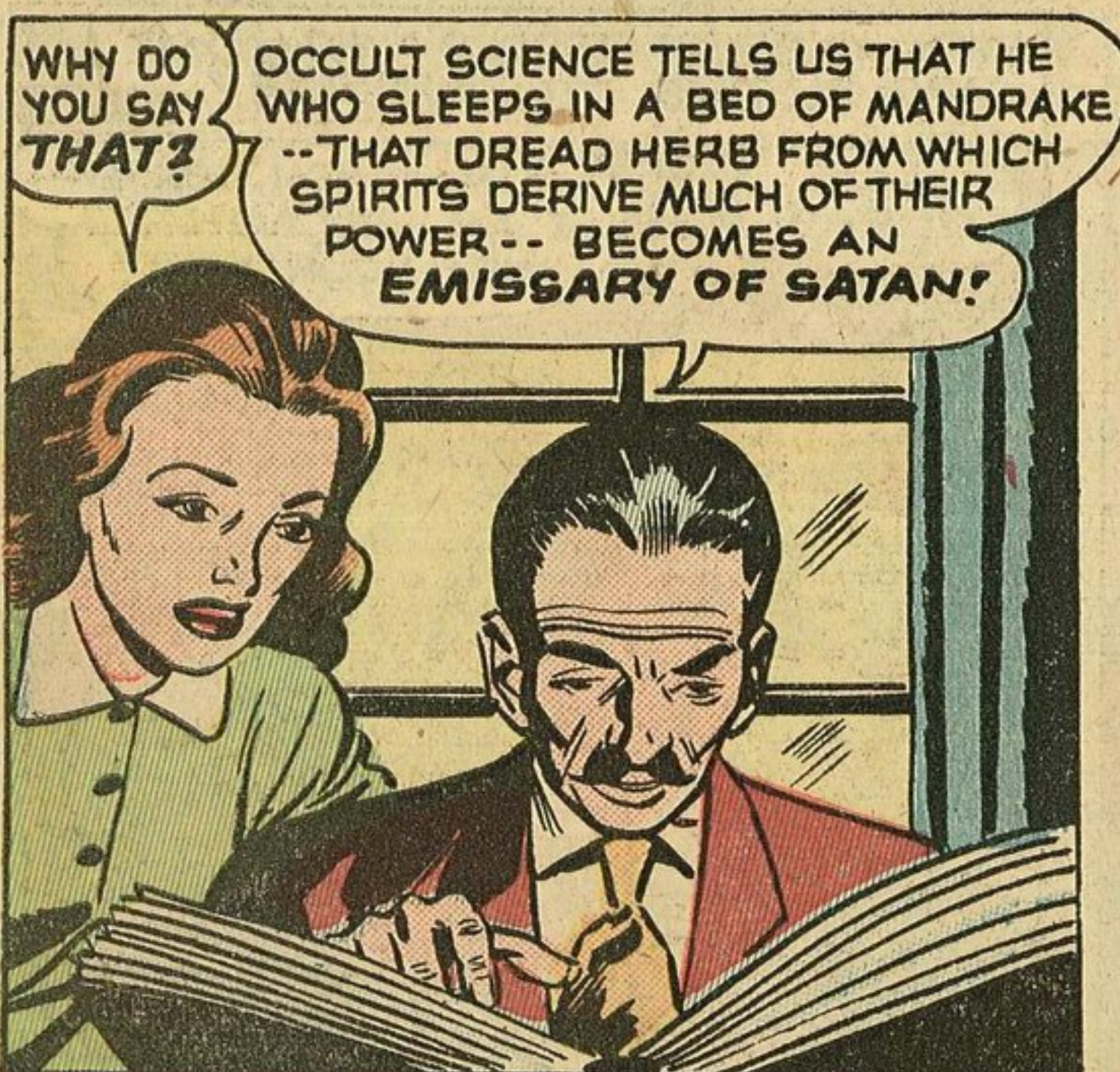
CAN'T HOLD HIM-- ANY LONGER...

MAY THE IMPS OF SATAN DESTROY YOU!

EVEN AS RELIEF FLOODED OVER ME-- IT WAS BLOTTED OUT BY HORROR!

ARGHH!

THANK YOU, COREEN-- I AM VERY SATISFIED WITH YOUR WORK!



THE PLAN SOUNDED RIDICULOUS, FAR-FETCHED! BUT I KNEW BETTER THAN TO LAUGH--

REMEMBER--THE FIENDS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD WON'T GIVE UP COREEN WITHOUT A STRUGGLE! BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, DOC--THEY'LL KNOW THEY'VE BEEN IN A FIGHT!

SO OVER THE OCEAN WE WINGED-- ARMED ONLY WITH A FLIMSY PLAN-- AND HOPE!

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN REMEMBER THE EXACT SPOT WHERE YOU SLEPT THAT NIGHT?

YES-- IT WAS UNDER A HEMLOCK TREE-- THE ONLY ONE AROUND!

AND AS WE SPED OVER THE IRISH COUNTRYSIDE, DAYS LATER--

DR. WARNOW SAID WE MUST ACT ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST FULL MOON AFTER IT HAPPENED-- AND THAT'S TONIGHT!



SURE ENOUGH, COREEN HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING THE EERIE PLACE WE SOUGHT--

THERE, PHIL-- IT'S THE PATCH OF MANDRAKE!

I HOPE MY WORDS GET THROUGH TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!

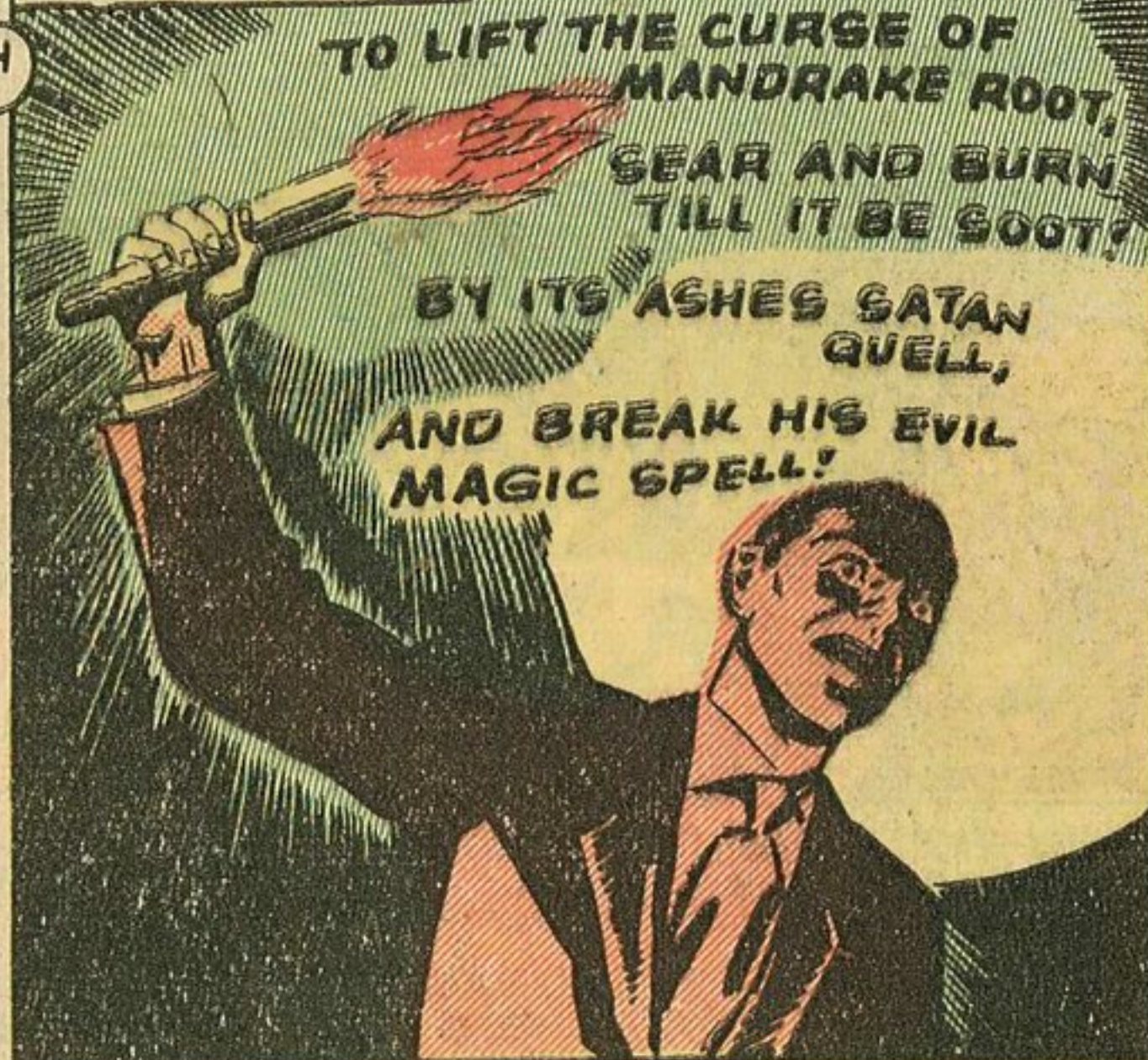
GOOD! I'LL SPRINKLE THIS GASOLINE OVER THE MANDRAKE-- THEN SET FIRE TO IT!



THEN CAME THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE RITUAL--

TO LIFT THE CURSE OF MANDRAKE ROOT, SEAR AND BURN TILL IT BE SOOT!

BY ITS ASHES SATAN QUELL, AND BREAK HIS EVIL MAGIC SPELL!



A HUSHED SILENCE-- AND THEN, AN EAR-SPLITTING CRASH! IT WAS THE DEVIL AND HIS LEGION!

HA! YOU SOUGHT TO BURN THE MANDRAKE, EH? KNOWING IT WOULD FREE YOUR WIFE FROM MY SPELL!



FOR YOUR RASHNESS, YOU SHALL DIE -- AND COREEN WILL CONTINUE HER EXISTENCE AS MY EMISSARY! TAKE HIM AWAY!

OH-- NO!



AS A WARTIME PILOT, I'D LEARNED TO THINK FAST! NOW THE TRAINING STOOD ME IN GOOD STEAD--

WAIT! THE ENTIRE VILLAGE KNOWS OF THIS -- AND EVEN NOW, THEY COME TO BURN THE WHOLE MOOR-- IN CASE THERE'S MORE MANDRAKE AROUND!

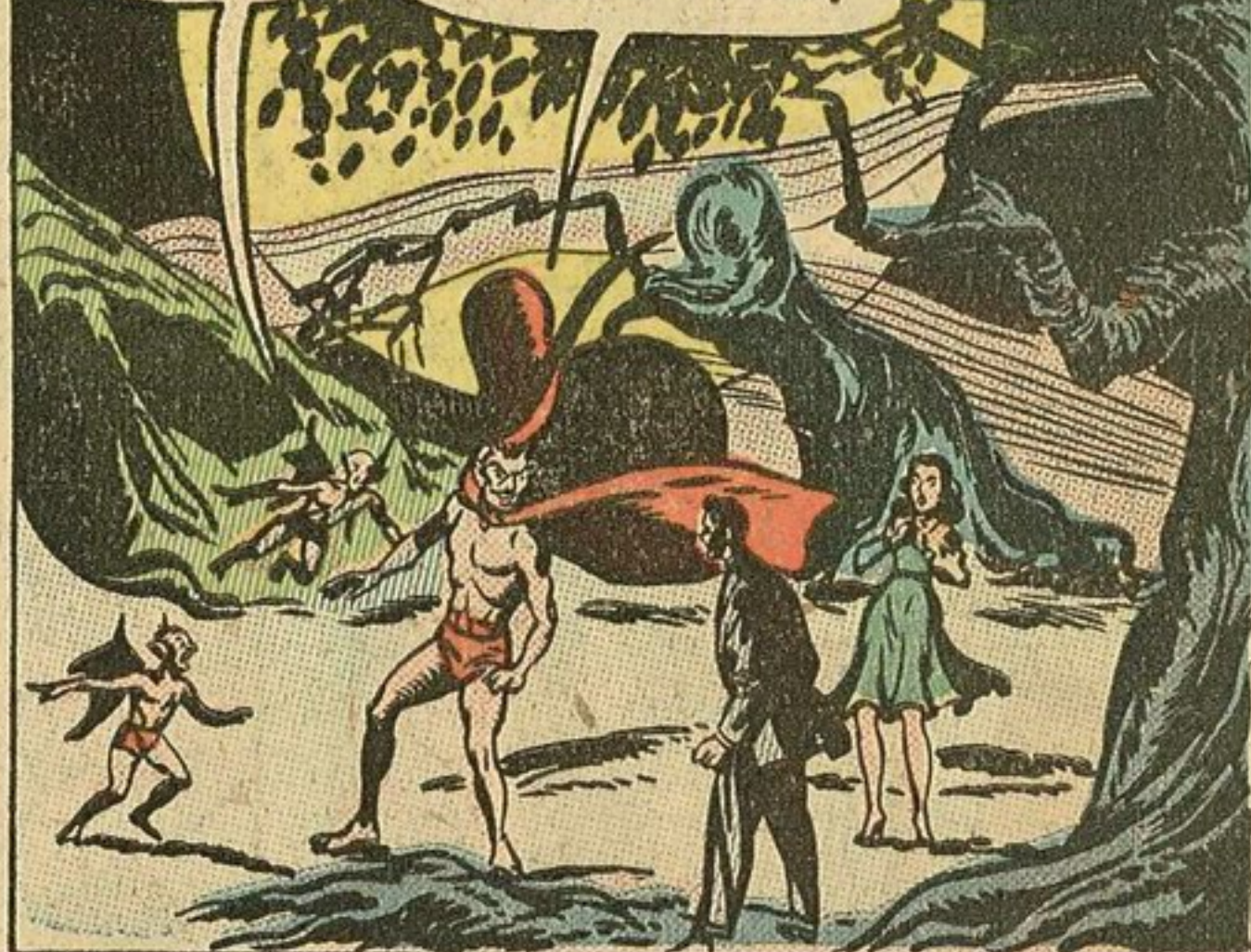
MORDO! GARTH! GO SEE IF HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH!



SURE, I WAS STALLING FOR TIME -- AND WHEN THE IMPS RETURNED --

HE LIES! NO ONE COMES!

SO -- HIS TORTURES WILL THUS BE TWOFOLD! NOW COME -- WE WASTE TOO MUCH TIME!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT-- A CRY FROM ONE OF THE IMPS--

HUH?

LOOK! THE MANDRAKE-- IT BURNS! THE MORTAL HAS SET FIRE TO IT-- MAGICALLY!



WELL, THAT'S ABOUT ALL-- EXCEPT FOR ONE LAST ITEM--

BUT, DARLING-- DR. WARNOW SAID TO BURN THE MANDRAKE WITH GASOLINE-- AND I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT...

HE ALSO SAID TO BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING! THE DEVIL MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED MY LIGHTING THE GASOLINE-- THAT'S WHY I HAD WATER AND PHOSPHOROUS IN THAT CAN! PHOSPHOROUS, UNLESS KEPT WET, IGNITES BY ITSELF! WHEN I POURED IT ON THE MANDRAKE, THE WATER EVAPORATED AND-- POOF-- NO MORE MANDRAKE!

I-- ER-- FORGOT TO TELL YOU, DARLING-- YOU MARRIED A GENIUS!

OH, THE DEVIL TAKE YE... OHHH!



AND AS THE PATCH OF MANDRAKE BLAZES INTO ASHES--

AS THE GREATEST TRICKSTER OF ALL, I CAN APPRECIATE ONE WHO OUTWITS ME! TAKE YOUR WIFE-- SHE IS FREE OF THE CURSE-- AND THE SOULS SHE SENT TO ME SHALL BE RETURNED UNHARMED! FAREWELL!

IT MAY SOUND FUNNY-- BUT THANKS!



IT'S OKAY, SWEETHEART, EVEN THE DEVIL CAN'T TAKE ME-- FROM YOU!



THE END

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

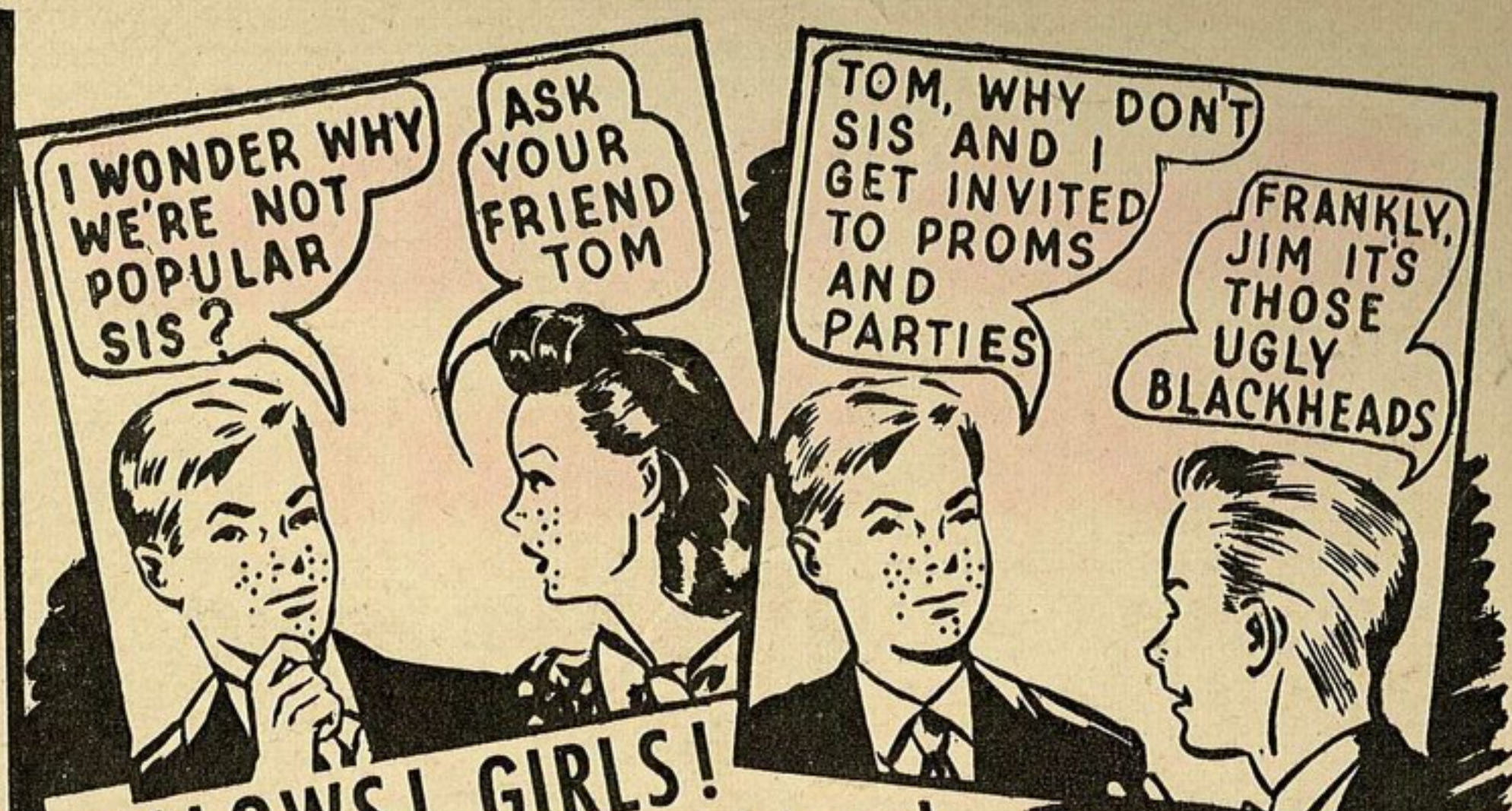
"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

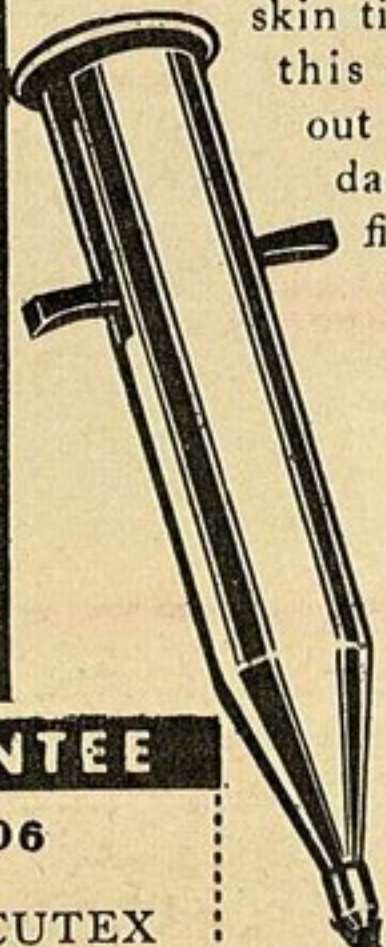


FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water. Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin. Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 506
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

* SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

with a sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?

Always tired?

Nervous?

Lacking in confidence?

Constipated?

Suffering from bad breath?

Fat and flabby?

Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in con-

dition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 25, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 25

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.